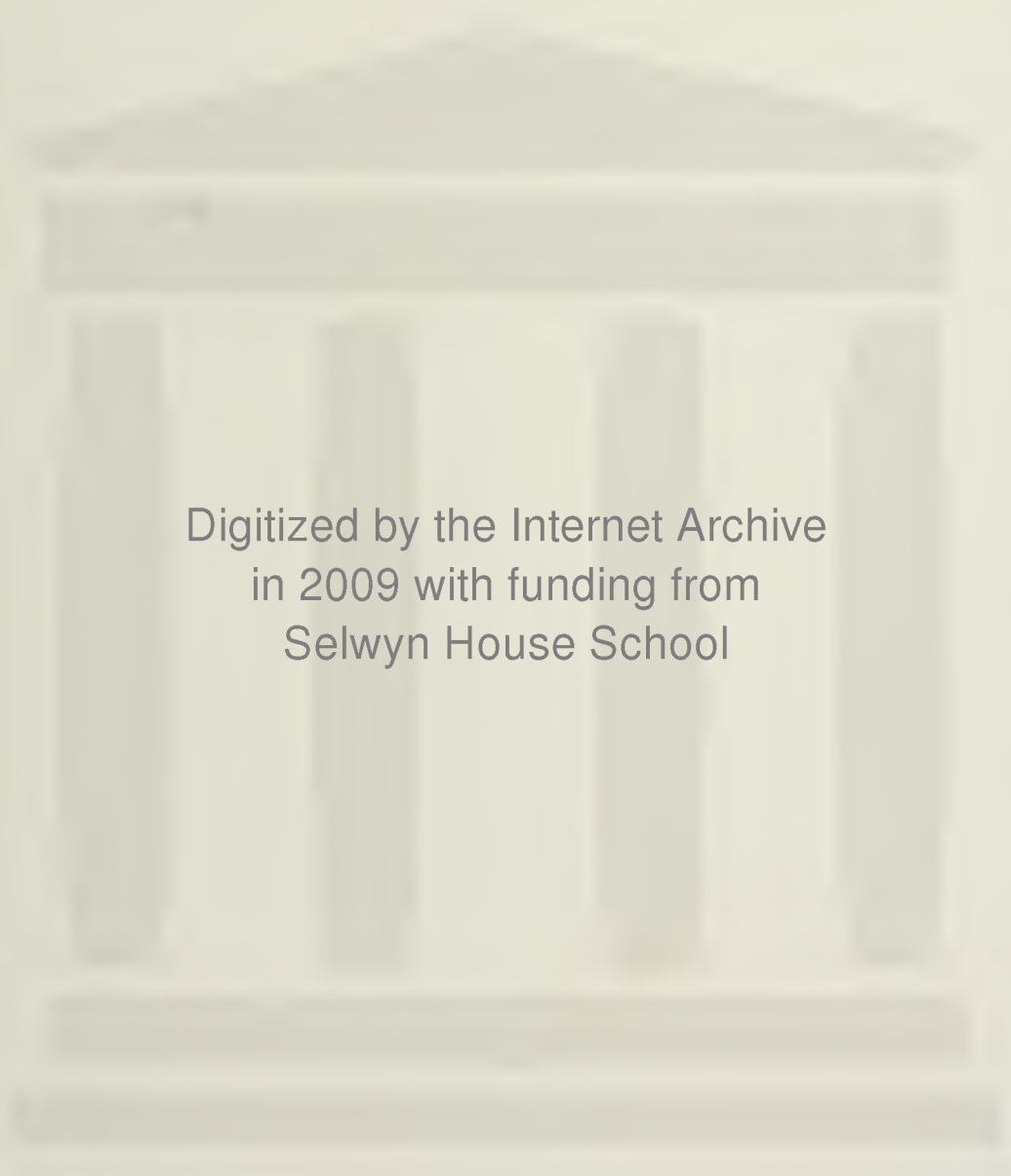


SELWYN HOUSE SCHOOL



MONTREAL 1970-1971





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Selwyn House School

SELWYN HOUSE SCHOOL MAGAZINE

VOL. 42

FOR THE SCHOOL YEAR 1970 - 1971



THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO DR. ROBERT A. SPEIRS
IN HONOUR OF HIS TWENTY-SIX YEARS AS HEADMASTER OF SELWYN HOUSE.

1970

1971



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VICTOR C. GOLDBLOOM, M.D.

GOUVERNEMENT DU QUÉBEC
CONSEIL EXÉCUTIF
CABINET DU MINISTRE D'ÉTAT

It is a considerable honour to be invited to write a foreword for the 1971 issue of the Selwyn House School Magazine - not only as an Old Boy, as the father of two former students and as the husband of a member of the Board, but also because of my continuing admiration for the School and its traditions, and my association until recently with Government responsibility for the future of education in Quebec.

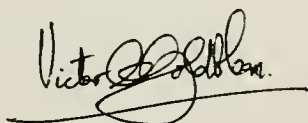
Upon the future of education depends the success of our complex society, especially in these times of turbulence which will undoubtedly continue to try us all.

It is necessary that we challenge and re-examine our policies and institutions; we cannot deny the conspicuous imperfections of what we and our predecessors have built.

I am profoundly convinced, however, that the future is to the patient and the responsible, and the assumption of the burden of caring for and about one's fellow man will continue to be the noblest of human endeavours and the key to the stability of the world.

There is an ancient Chinese proverb which says that it is better to light one small candle than to curse the darkness. May your candlepower be a beacon to guide us all towards a better society.

Most sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Victor C. Goldbloom", with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

Victor C. Goldbloom, M.D.,
Minister of State
responsible for the Quality of the Environment.

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Past Chairman

David M. Culver, Esq.

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(Sir George Williams University, U. of N.B.)

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Diploma in Education (Liverpool University)

Head of Department of Maths and Science

Director of Organisation

Edgar C. Moodey, Esq.
(London University)

Director of Middle School Studies

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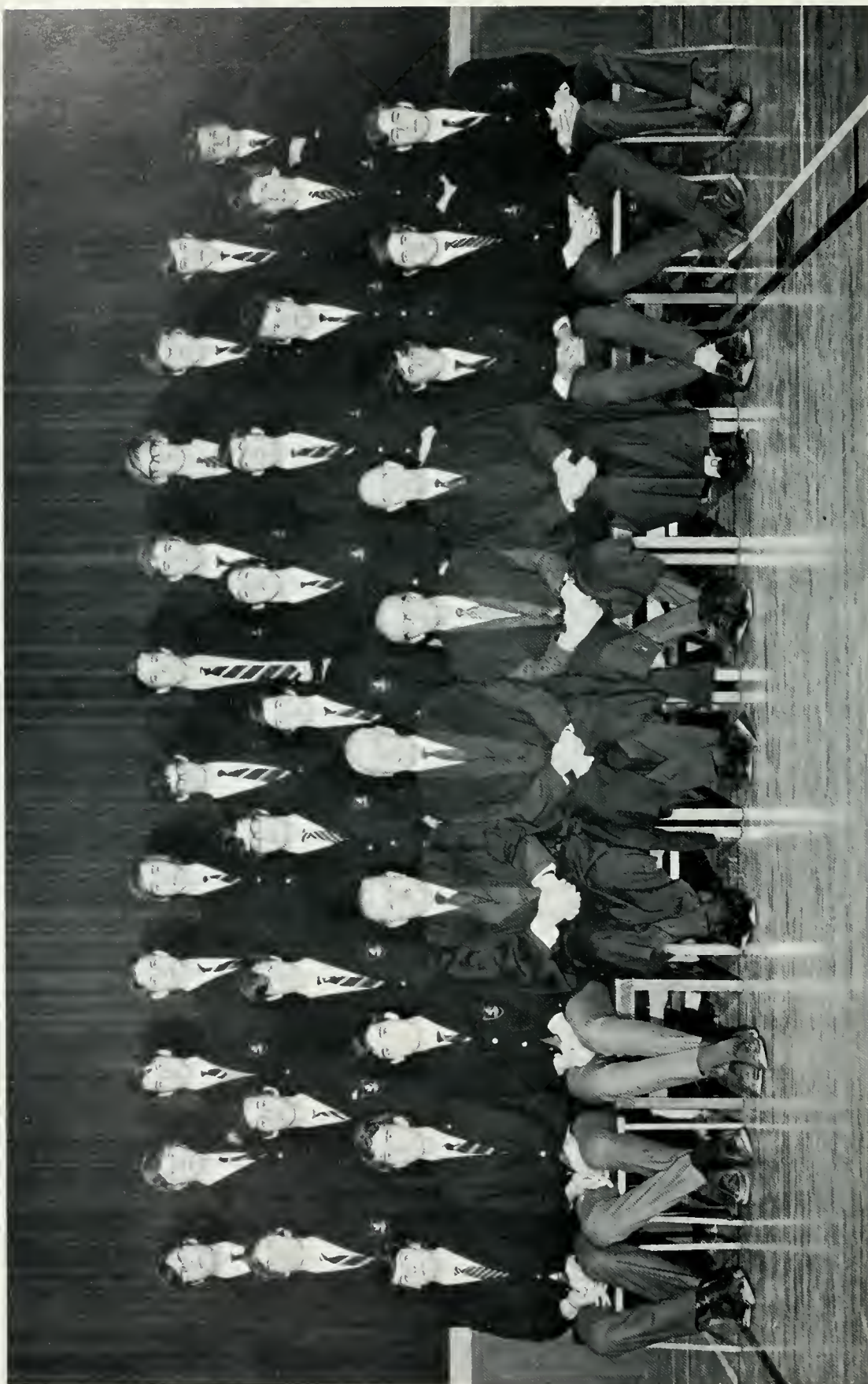
SELWYN HOUSE STAFF



BACK L-R — Mr. A. E. MacDonald, Mr. J. E. Iversen, Mr. F. G. Phillips, Mr. B. S. Stewart, Mr. B. S. Stevens, Mr. J. M. Lewis, Mr. J. P. Hill, Mr. G. C. I. Burgess, Mr. I. F. G. Ferguson, Mr. L. I. Seville, Mr. E. C. Maady.

MIDDLE L-R — Mr. E. D. Taylor, Mr. N. R. Lewis, Lt. Col. R. M. Campbell, Mr. E. R. Rumsby, Mr. F. A. Tees, Mr. J. P. Martin, Mr. J. N. B. Shaw, Mr. J. K. McLean, Mr. J. R. Varey, Dr. R. A. Speirs.

FRONT L-R — Mrs. V. Dagneau, Miss C. Severs, Mrs. L. Walker, Miss M. Wood, Mrs. R. Adair, Mrs. C. Markland, Mrs. E. Pinchuk, Mrs. L. Maclean, Miss E. Pick, Mrs. P. Marsh, Miss M. M. Scatt.



PREFECTS 1970-71

Student Officers

Prefects

Daniel Gold (Head Prefect)
Herbert Coristine (Assistant Head Prefect)

William Ainley
David Clarke
Andrew Ford
Todd Howard

Anthony Hunt
Chris Phillips
Harlan Rosenthal
Craig Shannon

Acting Prefects

David Barer
David Claxton
Brian Dopking
Alan Forster
Reginald Groome
Eric Kaplan

Michael Lapin
Ronald Linden
Stephen Ludgate
David Nercessian
David Nonnenman

Bruce Oliver
Chris Orvig
Peter Roden
James Sadler
Ion Shore
Robert Walford

Student Committee President
Daniel Gold

House Captains
Stephen Ludgate (Lucas House)
Craig Shannon (Macaulay House)
William Ainley (Wanstall House)
Daniel Gold (Speirs House)

Film Society President
David Barer

Chess Club President
Michael Lopin

Newspaper Editor
George Tombs/Charles Rohlicek

Student Project Society
Scott Robertson/James Dorey/Geoffrey Hale

Captain of Football
Craig Shonnon

Captain of Hockey
Craig Shannon

Magazine Staff

Staff Advisor: Mr. Leigh I. Seville

Editor in Chief: Michael Lapin

Assistant Editors: Peter Roden
David Claxton
Harlan Rosenthal
Ricky Kaplan
James Locke

Photography: Todd Howard

Sports: Craig Shannon

Literary: Daniel Gold

Art: Chris Phillips

French: Christopher Noble

Photographers: Todd Howard
Daniel Gold
Charles Rohlicek
James Locke
Thomas Agor

Layout: Ricky Kaplan

Board and Staff

With the extension of numbers on the Board of Directors from twelve to fifteen we were very happy to welcome as new members Mr. Edward Ballon, Mr. Walter S. Cottingham and Professor Sverre Orvig. Mr. Ballon and Mr. Cottingham are Old Boys of the school and Dr. Orvig has had two sons at the school for a number of years. All three bring a wide experience in the administrative field to our Board and we are looking forward to a very happy and mutually profitable association.

We regret that Mr. Charles W. Peters has had to withdraw because of pressure of work but we hope that in the future he may find additional time to add a further contribution to his school.

As staff replacements in administration we were happy to welcome Mrs. Violet M. Dagneau, Miss Mary Scott and Mr. T. H. Irwin Roberts – the first two in the main office and Mr. Roberts as Bursar of the school.

On the academic side we welcomed in September Mrs. Ellen Pinchuk and Miss Martha Wood to the Junior School, Mr. Andrew MacDonald to the Physical Education Department and Mr. Norman Lewis as Physics specialist.

We were grateful to Mr. G. E. D. Lane and Mr. Drennan Hincks for their help in the class-room during Mr. McLean's illness.

We regret to record that several members of the staff will be leaving us this Spring. Miss Ethel L. Pick has been Librarian of the school since 1957 and has not only seen the big change from the old school to the new but also worked through the tremendous transformation years when literally thousands of additional books for senior students were introduced into our shelves. We have been

most grateful to her for the personalised attention that she has always so cheerfully and competently rendered to boys of all ages, as well as to her colleagues on the staff whose great diversity of projects have involved the Library increasingly from year to year. We extend our grateful thanks to Miss Pick for all her fine work and our best wishes for the future, in her well-earned retirement.

Mr. Todd H. Becker came to Selwyn House in 1965 with a background of administration and class-room experience which have proved of great value to us at Selwyn House. He early interested himself in the developing sports programme of the school, particularly at the early teen level where his outstanding coaching was put to full use and produced excellent teams in soccer, hockey and softball – a number of which went undefeated throughout the entire season. His skill in teaching, mainly in English, History and his training in special Reading and Comprehension Skills proved invaluable at the highly critical areas of pre-High school and the Junior High school levels. Mr. Ian F. G. Ferguson entered Selwyn House in 1968 and has specialized mainly in History up to and including Grade 9 level. His encyclopaedic knowledge of so many areas of History involving such a vast array of time and countries has added an enrichment of the course of studies for his various classes. His interests in other activities of the school and particularly the Chess Club has been greatly appreciated. We are sorry to see these two distinguished members of our academic staff leaving us at this time but we would like to thank them for the extra things they have given to us and wish them every success as they leave for other fields of endeavour.

Mr. David M. Culver

Mr. David M. Culver stepped down from the Chairmanship of the Board after the Graduation last June. During his tenure of office, first as Treasurer and afterwards as Chairman, he played an outstanding role in the mammoth campaign which heralded the big addition to the school of 1968 – an addition that brought such an increase of facilities to Selwyn House School in doubling the size of the Gym as well as of the library and the labs and brought locker-rooms and extra classrooms, as well as an art room and a Geography lab to enhance our school. Our profound thanks go to Mr. Culver for his wonderful leadership, and our best wishes to Mr. Robert C. Paterson, who succeeded him as Chairman.

MR. TROUBETZKOY



New Headmaster Alexis Troubetzkoy

The Governors of Selwyn House Association have invited Mr. Alexis S. Troubetzkoy to become Headmaster and is now pleased to say that he has accepted his invitation to succeed Dr. Robert Speirs who retires this summer after being Headmaster of the School for twenty six years. We believe Mr. Troubetzkoy will bring to Selwyn House fine personal qualities and extensive experience. While he was born in Paris, his family moved shortly afterwards to the United States and on graduating from Kent School, Connecticut in 1953, he moved to Canada and subsequently graduated from Sir George

Williams University. His teaching appointments have been at Stanstead College, Bishops College School, St. Stephen's School in Rome where he was assistant to the Headmaster, and for the past two and one-half years he has been the Registrar at Appleby College. Currently he is a coach of basketball and tennis and while his subject is history, he is a capable linguist with a fluency in French, Russian and Italian.

While the Governors are convinced Mr. Troubetzkoy has a high regard for the School's standards and traditions, they are also satisfied that through his leadership useful innovations will come about in and out of the classroom.



MR. TROUBETZKOY

MR. PATERSON

DR. SPEIRS

SELWYN HOUSE SCHOOL GRADUATING CLASS

1971



D J Bamber



M A Naley



D S Ford



Robert H Speers



W J Osborne



E L Nibbel



V B O'Brien



J L Boyd



M J Bamber



R L Bamber



D F Johnston



A M Spence



R L Bamber



M J Bamber



A M Spence



M J Bamber



M J Bamber



M J Bamber



M J Bamber



M J Bamber



M J Bamber



M J Bamber



M J Bamber



M J Bamber



M J Bamber



M J Bamber



M J Bamber



M J Bamber



M J Bamber



M J Bamber



M J Bamber



M J Bamber

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Canadian Headmasters' Association Conference

Selwyn House was greatly honoured by being host of the Canadian Headmasters' Association for the annual meeting of November 1970. Dr. Speirs acted as Chairman, as President of the Association for the year and guests were housed at the Windsor Hotel but most of the meetings took place in the school itself.

In addition to the regular business meetings the special events included the following:

A visit to the Canadian Forces Languages School, St. John, Quebec with lunch with Commander Douglas J. Williams and his staff.

A colloque on the 1970 trends in Independent School education in the schools of the U.K. and the U.S. led by Mr. T. E. B. Howarth, High Master of St. Paul's School, London and Mr. John Chandler, Vice-President of the National Association of Independent Schools of The United States, and supported by Mr. Edward Kast, President of the Country Day School Association in the U.S.A., and Mr. John Kemper, President of the American Headmasters' Association.

A discussion on the CEGEP's of Quebec addressed by Dr. Paul Gallagher, Director General of Dawson College, Montreal.

A luncheon at McGill tendered by the McGill Graduates' Society. A number of McGill Officials, Deans and Admission Officers were present at the various tables and the new Principal of McGill, Dr. Robert E. Bell, addressed the conference.

A reception in The University Club followed by a formal dinner at which the Chairman and other Members of various Boards of Governors of the Independent Schools were present and the principal speaker was Dr. D. M. Healy, recently appointed Principal of Bishop's University, Lennoxville, Quebec.

We were greatly indebted to Mr. & Mrs. Robert Paterson, who invited the conferees and other guests including the Principals of the local Independent Schools for Girls to a cocktail hour at their home.

The Headmasters also looked around the school and gave interviews to the school Examiner Staff and met a number of the senior boys. They were present officially at a school assembly.

All in all it was a very enriching experience for everyone and we were very glad to have the opportunity and privilege.



REAR — J. S. Derrick (King's), W. B. MacMurray (U.T.S.), J. E. Matthews (Lakefield), E. R. Kast (Germantown), E. C. Caley (Holderness), W. A. Joyce (Ashbury), P. T. Johnson (Upper Canada), F. S. Large (B.C.S.), M. B. Wansbraugh (Hillfield-Strathallan), G. H. Merrill (L.C.C.), Rev. T. Davies (Rothsay).

CENTER — J. L. Wright (St. George's, Tor.), L. P. MacLachlan (Shawingan Lake), J. R. Coulter (St. Andrew's), E. V. B. Pilgrim (Ridley), E. R. Larsen (Appleby), Canon J. A. M. Bell, H. M. Beer (Pickering), L. Shewfelt (Albert), R. T. Leicester (St. George's Mt.).

FRONT — T. J. Woad (Sedbergh), E. S. Jarvis (Bishop Strachan), R. H. Perry (Rosseau Lake), J. M. Kemper (Phillips, Andover), A. C. Scatt (T.C.S.), R. A. Speirs (S.H.S.), R. Lester (Stanstead), T. E. B. Howarth (St. Paul's), D. D. Mackenzie (Brentwood), D. Harker (St. George's, Von.) H. J. P. Schaffter (St. John's-Ravenscourt).

ROBERT A. SPEIRS, M.A., LL.D.

After a long and distinguished career, Dr. Robert A. Speirs is retiring from the position of Headmaster of Selwyn House School.

Born in Melrose, Scotland, Dr. Speirs was educated at a neighbouring academy and at Edinburgh University, where he earned his M.A. in classics. After a period of post-graduate study there, he gained a fellowship at Columbia University, New York, where he received another Master's degree. He taught in Scotland for four years, and then returned to Canada as head of the English department at Lower Canada College; he later became assistant headmaster there. In 1945, after the unexpected death of Mr. Wanstall, the newly formed Board of Governors of Selwyn House School offered him the position of headmaster, which he has filled with great success for the past twenty-six years. His contribution to education in the city earned for him an honorary doctorate at Sir George Williams University in 1968, and his career reached a climax in 1970, when he presided over the annual conference of the Headmasters' Association of Canada in the school last November.

During his twenty-six years at the school, Dr. Speirs has been the moving spirit in many and varied changes. It has been a time of steady expansion in every way, from a school of 99 boys to one almost five times the size, from the comfortably compact quarters in Redpath Street to the present commodious building, from a school whose chief concern was academic excellence to one whose interests are more widely diversified. That progress may be seen in the development of what Dr. Speirs sometimes referred to as "the plant": in the creation of locker-rooms, the addition of a gymnasium, followed by the laboratory and then the elegant library with the new wing of class-rooms above, which transformed the Redpath site. When, in 1961, the school outgrew even these extended premises and moved to its present site in Westmount, the steady growth continued, until in 1968 the expansion fund, generously raised by friends, Old Boys and parents, enabled the new gymnasium, laboratories, library, locker-rooms and class-rooms to be added.

These material achievements are the outward evidence of the corporate development of the school. Under Dr. Speirs' guidance, the limited athletic side of the school has expanded enormously, with teams participating in the Montreal leagues and meets, as well as maintaining the ancient and traditional rivalries, and the number of different sports and games available to the boys has greatly increased. Intra-mural activities introduced by Dr. Speirs have become accepted features of school life which, though often overshadowed by class-work and games, are still real. In its primary function, the work of the school has extended itself in many directions, until now the number of boys writing at least a part of their matriculation examinations is fast approaching the total number in the school when Dr. Speirs assumed command, and the results in public examinations at all levels maintain the high standard which was a tradition at that time. Behind all this is an Old Boys' Association, founded in 1953, whose strength and interest in the school are, in themselves, a testimonial to the headmaster's work; and Dr. Speirs has seen some of his former students return in the role of parents.

Dr. Speirs has always considered community work an important part of his life. He has been president of the Notre Dame de Grace Community Council; for many years he was active as a governor of the Queen Elizabeth Hospital, and of the Fraser-Hickson Institute; he is still a senior elder at the Knox Crescent Kensington Presbyterian Church. For long he was widely sought as a speaker, addressing societies throughout Montreal and elsewhere in Canada.

For the next year at least, Dr. Speirs plans to take a sabbatical year to continue his advanced studies in French. Whether he will be persuaded to return to teaching remains to be determined. Whatever field his future endeavours lead him into, Selwyn House wishes him every success. We assure him of our gratitude for his achievements in the past, and of our hope that our ties with him are not broken, but merely relaxed.







GRADUATING CLASS 1970 - 71

**Bill Ainley**

Activities: Stud Pro Society Exec.

Stud. Committee Sec.

Awards: Cups and sports ties.

Ambition: Euphoria.

Probable Destination: In the clutches of the devil.

Favourite expression: "Teesville."

Pet Aversion: The song, "Do You Know What You're Doing?"

Motto: "Fight or Flight."

**David Barer**

Genus: David Barer.

Species: Barsie MacGei.

Motto: Se sciit, suo passu it.

Pet Aversion: A. C. Bradley.

Ambition: Farmer.

Probable Destination: Fertilizer.

Activities: On file with the CIA.

Awards: Order of the Old Gold.

**James Boyd**

Motto: Feed your head.

Ambition: Nirvana

Probable Destination: Magog.

Activities: Soccer, football, and hockey squads.

Awards: Several sports ties and gym crests.

Favourite Saying: "Fire up another bowlful!"

Pet Aversion: The Partridge Family.

Happiness Is: Volunteers.

**Dave Clarke**

Awards and Activities: First in class, 1962-63, 1965-69; Bantam and Senior hockey, full prefect, chess club, and other stuff.

Motto: "Time waits for no one, so why wait for time?"

Ambition: To be famous long ago.

Probable Destination: On the front page of the National Enquirer.

Pet Aversion: Yanks with brush cuts.



David Claxton

Ambition: Doctor.

Probable Destination: Skid Row.

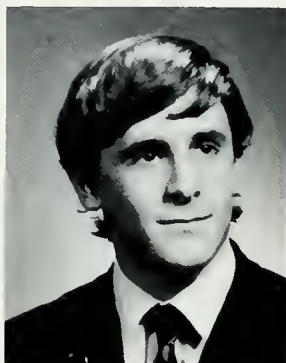
Activities: Soccer, tennis, hockey.

Awards: A few, not many.

Motto: "It's a fool who plays it cool by making his world a little colder."

— Paul McCartney.

Pet Aversion: Latin participles.



Herbert James Coristine

Awards:

Form D – 2nd;

Form I – Grant G. Memorial Award;

Form V – 2nd, Geography prize;

Form VI – 1st, Science prize;

Little Brothers' Race – 1st;

Gym crests and ribbons.

Activities: Assistant Head Prefect;

Treasurer Students' Committee;

Speirs vice-captain;

Under-14 soccer and hockey;

Bantam soccer, football, and hockey;

Senior soccer and hockey; Gym teams.

Motto: "om."

Ambition: "Cosmic Awareness."

Probable Destination: Schizophrenia.



Brian Dopking

Ambition: Hotel management.

Activities: Bantam football team

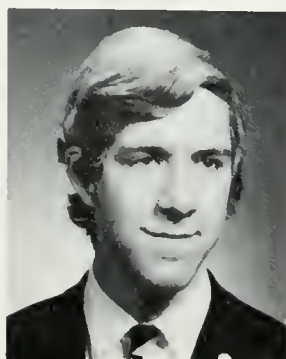
1968-69, Senior football team 1970-71,

Broomball team 1970-71,

Acting Prefect.

Favourite Saying: Oh Typical!

Probable Destination: Ha, Ha?



Andrew Ford

Motto: "Though nothing means anything and all roads are marked 'No Exit', yet move as if your movements had some purpose. If life does not offer a game worth playing, then invent one."

Activities and Awards: Full prefect,

Soccer tie, Captain of Bantam and

junior Basketball teams, Bantam

Football, Chess club, Track team.

Ambition: Electrical Engineer.

Probable Destination: Computer

programmed: #780715962-ack.

Pet Aversion: The name 'Thip'.

**Al Forster**

Motto: Old fishermen never die, they just smell that way. – "It stinks."

Pet Aversion: French.

Ambition: Marine biologist.

Probable Destination: Fisherman.

Activities: Several.

**Daniel Gold**

Activities: Stud Pro Society Exec., Chairman of the board.

Sports: Soccer, basketball, hockey teams.

Favourite Saying: Sit down and get out!

Motto: Keshkuh shelà voo deer, mishu Dan?

Ambition: All Star Photographer.

Probable Destination: Geraldine's.

Pet Aversion: I down't kno-o-ow, Reg!

**Reg. Groome**

Motto: Sit down and get out!

Pet Aversion: Being nailed for wearing my computer shirt, Vet and Fat Ronnie too!

Awards and Activities: Bantam football, Senior football (Asst. Capt.), Football colours, Lineman of the Year, Hockey, Track and Field, Weight Lifting, Acting Prefect.

Ambition: Recognition.

Probable Destination: Lost in the rush.

**Philip Grosvenor**

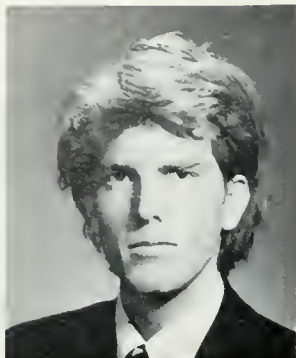
Favourite Saying: Pardon, Fatty?

Ambition: Safari guide.

Probable Destination: Shooting stems.

Pet Aversion:

Awards and Activities: Gym crests 59-60, 60-61, 61-62; Bantam and Senior football; senior hockey.


Todd Howard

Ambition: Civil Rights worker.

Probable Destination: Imperial Wizard.

Pet Aversion: Pistachio nuts and beets.

Activities: Full prefect, head of magazine photography, class vice-captain, house vice-captain, prefect representative to the student council, arts club, bantam football team, senior football team, senior basketball team, Old Gold, photography prizes.


Tony Hunt

Motto: "And know that yesterday is but today's memory and tomorrow is today's dream."

— Kahlil Gibson.

Activities: Bantam football and hockey, senior football and hockey.

GMIAA track teams since '68.

full prefect, Wanstall vice-captain.

Ambition: To be happy.

Probable Destination: Singing

"Everybody loves somebody sometime" on Ste. Catherine Street for nickels and dimes.


Eric Kaplan

Ambition: Prosecutor.

Probable Destination: Defendant.

Activities: Under-13 hockey and soccer.

Bantam hockey and soccer, Senior

hockey and soccer, Under-13 softball.

Stud Pro Society.

Motto: "All right gentlemen!"

Favourite Saying: "C'mon, don't give me the business!"

Pet Aversion: Goats.


Bob Landell

Motto: Don't waste time.

Ambition: Ecologist.

Probable Destination: President of General Motors.

Awards: Neck ties.

Pet Aversion: School.


Michael Lapin

Activities and Awards: Editor-in-chief SHS Magazine, Meighen Essay Award '70, first in class 1969-71, Chess club, sundry others.

Ambition: World-famous writer and scientist.

Probable Destination: Ghost-writer for "Scientists Anonymous."

Favourite Saying: "That's what they all say!"

Advice: "Infant Innocence."

The Russian bear is huge and wild.

He has devoured the infant child.

The infant child is not aware

It has been eaten by the bear.

— Alfred Edward Houseman.


R. Linden

Aim: Business Management.

Activities: Senior Football, Acting Prefect, Broomball Team.

Probable Destination: Wouldn't you like to know.

Favourite Saying: Vicious!


Stephen Ludgate

Motto: Live and let live.

Ambition: Psychiatrist.

Probable Destination: Douglas Hospital.

Awards and Activities: Bantam and Senior football (ass't-capt. of Senior),

Under-14 and Senior soccer,

Bantam and Senior hockey.

Intermediate and senior gym squads,

champ (2 yrs.), softball team,

Trampoline team, GMIAA javelin

Lucas House captain, Acting Prefect,

class vice-captain (way back),

student council.


Steve Macdonald

Ambition: Hotel management.

Probable Destination: Up against the wall.

Activities: 1) Senior football — 1970

2) Hockey

Motto: Restriction is only in one's environment.



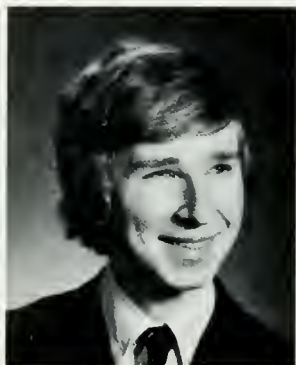
A. David Nereessian

Awards and Activities: Junior French Prize, '64, 32nd in House Gym Competition, '66, and others.

Ambition: Architect.

Probable Destination: Bagotville Sanitation Engineer.

Pet Aversion: The Duc de Beaufort.



David Nonnenman

Awards: 2nd prize IB, 6A, Latin prize 6A.

Ambition: C.A. in Toronto.

Probable Destination: Cad in Cabbagetown.

Pet Aversion: Formulae, i.e., e.g.

$$E = \frac{h^2 n^2}{8md}$$

Favorite Saying: Alright, quickly and quietly downstairs.



Bruce Oliver

Ambition: Doctor.

Probable Destination: Vet.

Motto: Don't put off till tomorrow what you can put off till the day after.



Chris Orvig

Activities: Various teams and societies over the years.

Awards: Two or three in the distant past.

Ambition: To multiply at an incredible rate.

Probable Destination: Extinction.

Pet Aversion: Anyone with more sanity than myself, which explains why I am a loner.

Recurring Thought: Knowledge is a deadly friend

When no-one sets the rules

The fate of mankind I see

Is in the hands of fools.

— Peter Sinfield

Epilogue: In the hope that the international Grapefruit does not effect a take-over, I am unarmed.

**Tim Paul***Motto:* Have fun.*Ambition:* Airline Pilot.*Probable Destination:* Chairman of Board on American Tobacco.**C. J. Phillips***"Students must live together and eat, talk and smoke together. Experience shows that is how their minds really grow!"**— Stephen Leacock.**Activities:* Several.*Ambition:* Architect.*Probable Destinations:* Photographer, Ski bum, Artist, Beach bum, Musician, or horticulturist.*Pet Aversion:* Smog, etc. . . .**Peter H. Roden***Activities:* None to speak of.*Ambition:* Harvard.*Probable Destination:*

Pointe-au-Pique U.

Motto: Well sir, it was like this . . .*Final Word:* "To let loose frustrations is nice but coping is nicer."**Harlan Rosenthal***Inexorably till the end**Puppets on a string are we;**I too was blind, but now I see.**Activities:* Senior football, Full Prefect, member of Magilla Gorilla Weightlifting Club, and Window monitor for BI.*Ambition:* Commissioner of the CFL.*Probable Destination:* Laying turf at the Autostade.

**Jim Sadler**

Ambition: Engineer.

Probable Destination: Replacement for Claude Mouton.

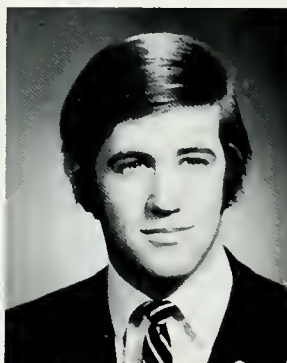
Motto: Ich bin tough one (Ut, ut).

Achievements: Tough one, 1969-70

Mat-squad, 1970-71 Rinky-Dink

All Star.

Pet Aversion: SHS Magazine Staff.

**Craig Shannon**

Motto: "To thine own self be true . . ."

Ambition: Hockey jock.

Probable Destination: Athletic supporter.

Activities: Under-13 hockey (capt.);

Bantam hockey (asst. capt.); Senior

hockey (capt.); Bantam football;

Senior football (capt.); rugby and

soccer teams; track team; softball; Class

Capt. (year?); Macauley House Capt.;

Vice-President of Student's Council;

Full prefect; Sports editor on SHS

Magazine.

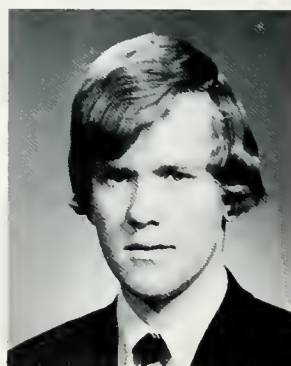
Awards: Hockey ties, football ties,

William Molson Trophy, Ernst Brandl

Memorial Trophy (Esprit de Corps),

5th in GMIAA 440 yds.

Pet Aversion: Germs, Jean-Guy Talbot.

**Ion G. Shore**

Ambition: Law.

Probable Destination: Traffic conductor outside A&W drive-ins.

Motto: Don('s) Knot(t)s.

Activities and Awards: Senior football,

2nd in Form IV, "tough guy" in

inter-mural hockey, contender for

monopoly at prefect's table, stellar

performer in trig.

Happiness is: a case of "50" at Parc

Jarry.

Pet Aversion: Terry Harper.

Favourite Saying: "Good morning. Sit

down. We'll continue with the

Intermediate group."

**Robert W. Walford**

Activities: Prefect, Track team

1969-1970, Cross-country running.

Ambition: Engineering.

Probable Destination: I hope not.

Favourite Saying: "For cot's sec!"

Pet Aversion: Old goats.

Clubs and Activities

Quebec City Trip - May 14-15, 1971

Ten happy boys awaited the final bell on Friday that week with more than the usual anticipation, for they were about to set out on a trip to the historic city of Quebec. The weather was ideal, and every detail had been looked after. Mr. Seville's popular Meteor Convertible and Mr. Rumsby's rented Fury III were soon receiving passengers, although six decided that they would make the first leg of the trip in the Ford, with the top down, of course.

The first amusing incident of the trip happened when it became evident that Tom Agar could no longer ride comfortably with Mr. Seville and the other five boys. Bystanders must have been a bit surprised to see Tom hotfooting it down Greene Avenue in order to catch the Fury III which was by this time about a block ahead. As luck would have it, a red light at St. Catherine Street allowed Tom to catch up, and take his place with Mr. Rumsby's load.

Through the Wellington Tunnel and out onto the Champlain Bridge the two cars sped, and then all enjoyed the sight of Montreal's skyline from the new Highway 3 along the south shore of the St. Lawrence. After we reached the intersection with the Trans-Canada Highway, all settled down to an enjoyable hundred and fifty miles to the foot of the new Pierre-Laporte Bridge. The boys had a good look at the massive cable structure that makes this bridge such a contrast to the old cantilever structure built some sixty years ago, and providing the only link with the south shore until this newest bridge was finally constructed.

After a bit of circling around, we arrived safely at the Holiday Inn where our reserved rooms were awaiting us. The cool air of the early evening and the general lateness of the spring season made opening the pool rather risky, but no one appeared to miss it very much. Once luggage was deposited and room-mates chosen, it was the order of the day to find food, albeit at a reasonable price, for several hungry boys.

One group found a nearby A & W to suit them well, whereas the other carload went downtown to a Villa de

Poulet. Following supper, both groups explored the old part of the city by car, and gained an idea of what they would be able to see on the morrow. Back at the motel colour TV sets and two busloads of girls from New Jersey made the passing of the evening to be very pleasant, indeed.

Saturday morning dawned early for some, and they were out for a stroll long before the other sleepyheads greeted the sun. The Coffee Shop provided breakfast for all, but Clive Hooton, Forrest Palmer and Bill Turner decided that room service should be tried out, and so they ate in style in their room.

During the day, visits were made to the Parliament Buildings, the Citadel and the Plains of Abraham. A drive along the waterfront road acquainted all with the steep cliff where Wolfe and his men had scrambled up to meet Montcalm's forces in 1759. A drive through Lower Town and up Rue de la Montagne brought us to the Château Frontenac. The famous elevator provided some with a rather scary ride down from Dufferin Terrace to Maison Jolliet in Lower Town. The afternoon trip took one group as far east as Ste. Anne de Beaupré, while the other visited Ile d'Orléans and Montmorency Falls. The latter provided some spectacular photography and a moist reception for those who ventured closer to its spray. Lunch was found in one of the restaurants near the Château, and in the evening, a few dined at the Château while others went in search of other restaurants nearby. Free time before Mr. Rumsby's group started back to Montreal allowed time for some to do parts of the walking tour in the old city area. Four seniors stayed over with Mr. Seville and returned to our city on Sunday afternoon.

It is to be hoped that this trip would teach more of the history of our land, and encourage us all to make use of our French in surroundings where it's used every day.

Boys who accompanied Mr. Rumsby and Mr. Seville were: Tommy Agar, Taylor Gray, Donald Groenwege, Jon. Hollinger, Clive Hooton, Tom Konigsthal, Richard Packer, Forrest Palmer, Charles Rohlicek, and Bill Turner.

E. H. R.

Book Fair

Last fall our second annual Book Fair was held, and was once again a great success. We are grateful that so many parents and students came on the night of the fair. Several hundred books, of a total value of about four thousand dollars were donated that night. In addition, several very generous donations were received through the course of the year; all the new books have now been placed on the shelves, and their usefulness to the students, especially to those of the upper forms, has been inestimable. We hope that, with the continued help of all concerned, at least one book-fair will be able to be held next year, perhaps emphasizing additional areas of study and more thorough reference books.

Our thanks go to all the parents who so generously supported the fair, and to all the members of staff and the boys, who both organized the fair and donated books to the library. Such support from all directions insures the future expansion of such an important part of the school.

David Nonnenman

Jeff Mappin

David Barer

G. C. I. B.

The Film Club

The Film Club had a rather disappointing year, in spite of several excellent films such as the hilariously funny *Tom Jones*, and the *King of Hearts*.

Some members may have noted a distortion on the screen in some movies owing to the lack of a Cinemascope lens. We apologize for this but assume that continued support next year will enable us to make marked improvements. Many thanks to Chris Orvig for faithfully running the projector, Mike Lapin and Jim Sadler for assisting at the gate.

— Jim Locke.

The Chess Club

The 1970-71 season of the chess club, under the direction of Mr. Ferguson, was not too successful, officially. Attendance was small due to many parents' meetings and holidays. The boys often did not know whether the Chess Club was being held on any given Thursday. The main supporters were from Forms III, VI, and VII.

Unofficially, however, the Chess Club flourished, as chess matches were held at recess, during extra periods, and after school. We made many converts, as many boys bought chess books by the dozens and studied them closely, to develop into reasonable chess players. An unofficial tournament did not get under way due to lack of time, but there are hopes for a well organized competition next year.

All in all, the club was enjoyed by the members, and the enthusiasm shown will keep it going strongly, if not regularly, for many years.

— Michael Lapin

Students' Project Society

The Students' Project Society continued to flourish this year, with the active support of the whole school. Under the direction of Scott Robertson, James Dorey, and Geoff Hale, the Society continued the successful operation of the chocolate bar shop, which now has an even greater variety than before.

The record rentals, a new project this year, operated by Chris Bovaird and Pete Campbell, has met with some success. Senior boys can obtain recent records on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons for a nominal fee.

This year, the Society bought a tape recorder for the use of the French Department, and a film loop projector for the Science and Geography Departments. These teaching aids have sparked greater interest for these subjects in many boys.

In the winter term, the lost and found was reorganized in co-operation with Mr. MacDonald and the Sports Dept. Operated by Jon Hamovitch, it has brought additional revenue to the Society.

G. Hale

The Sports Shop — 1970-71

The sports shop was reorganized this year in cooperation with the Sports Department and the Students' Project Society, represented by B. Baldwin, L. Beaubien, and G. Hale. Reorganized and restructured under the guidance of Mr. MacDonald, whose experience and energy have been felt in all parts of the sports program, the shop made a substantial profit this year. This profit was returned to the Sports Department to help meet equipment, team and other requirements.

Next year, we hope to expand further the services of the shop to include all school sporting activities, instead of only the hockey program.

G. Hale.

The Drama Club

John Goldbloom began this club at the beginning of the school year. Unfortunately he had to leave before it got off the ground. However, the club was continued and had a most successful season. Saroyan's play 'Subway Circus' was staged on Friday, April sixteenth, at eight o'clock in the evening. A great deal of work was put into this. The cast, under the direction of Mrs. Marsh, practiced every night for many weeks. This effort was rewarded for the play went off very well. I would like to add special thanks to Mr. M. Lewis for his helpful co-operation.

Jim Locke

Excursion to Japan

In July 1970, a group of twenty, including Mr. Seville, Mr. Burgess and his wife, departed for Japan as part of a Ship's School Association Tour. This trip had been conceived of eighteen months previously and the preparations included one major parents' meeting. Although the differences quickly melted, our group was markedly unique. We were the only Quebec school to participate in addition to being the only private school. At any rate, we arrived in Tokyo, after considerable delays, at 2:15 P.M. July 7, Oriental time.

For the first week and again, on the final two days, we resided at the Tokyo Olympic Memorial Youth Centre. Despite its ornate name, it resembled a hostel more than a hotel. It underwent several good changes during our stay. While we visited Expo 70, we resided at Tatsuno Lodge, an acceptable hotel which was, unfortunately, a fair distance away from both Osaka and Kyoto. In addition, we made night stop-overs at a Japanese inn on the ocean and at a Buddhist temple. These two side-trips were among the most pleasant on the whole tour.

Our transportation throughout was mainly by bus. We did, however, twice have a chance to ride the Hikari Express, a bullet train which normally cruises at about 120 m.p.h. On one occasion, we travelled by ferry and, of course, we journeyed to and from Toronto on Trans International Airlines.

Expo 70 was one of the attractions on our tour. Although similar to our own exhibition in many respects, it stressed considerably more commercialism. The Can-

adian Pavilion, emphasizing people, was one of the best at the site. Quebec, Ontario and British Columbia were also adequately represented.

On the first half of our tour, we were treated to an almost endless run of shrines and temples. They varied from interesting to boring in the impression they made on us. At one point, we visited the Emperor's palace which lies like a green island in the midst of grossly polluted Tokyo.

We did a great deal of shopping during our travels. Led by Mr. Seville, we explored several arcades hunting for the well-known bargains in Japanese hardware. Some of us also tracked down less-publicized art-shops, with the aid of the Burgesses, who were the experts in this department.

One excellent trip we took was to Mikimoto Pearl Island, where we were treated to an exciting demonstration of pearl-culturing from beginning to end. We spent one day on the shore of a clean lake, just relaxing from our arduous travels. In addition, we visited numerous Japanese restaurants, whose qualities depend on your opinion of Oriental food. At our residences, we were given predominantly Western meals.

On July 28, we left for home. Because of the time change, we arrived in Toronto only two hours after our departure from Tokyo. Mr. Burgess and Mr. Seville both worked hard before and during the tour, but I think Mr. Seville is especially deserving of our thanks. Throughout, he devoted himself to our group, with the result that everyone in our entourage enjoyed himself thoroughly.

Bill Turner V A

The Examiner

Although only four editions have been published this year by the *Selwyn House Examiner*, the content has improved over that of last year. The staff has had the opportunity to experience a number of highly singular events, such as the interview with the Headmaster-Elect, Mr. Troubetzkoy, a trip to the Churchill Falls office for films and slides and a trip in the CJAD helicopter.

The absence due to the hospitalization of George Tombs was corrected as Charles Rohlicek ably assumed the editing and organizational duties.

The superlative sports articles by our hockey, football and baseball enthusiasts definitely deserve praise as do the articles on pollution, including an interview with the minister of the environment for the Quebec government the Hon. Dr. Victor Goldbloom.

All in all, the newspaper took a modern approach to important national events, such as politics with our interviews with former Prime Ministers Pearson and Diefenbaker and Justice Minister John Turner, and to school events with our interviews and information. The profits of the newspaper are collecting interest in a bank and will be used for future years of the *S.H.S. Examiner*.

George Tombs.



TODD HOWARD
FLORENCE, ITALY

PRIZEGIVING

PROGRAMME

SCHOOL HYMN

O God of all Being, who rulest in might,
All-loving, all-knowing, great Father of light;
For mercies unceasing to Thee would we raise
From hearts full of gladness hosannas of praise.

We bless Thee for beauty of earth and of sky,
For insight and wisdom bestowed from on high,
For portals to knowledge and pathways to truth,
For all that uplifts and ennobles our youth.

Inspire us, O Father, Thou God of all Grace,
To fight a good fight and to run a straight race,
To raise high the bonner of TRUTH in our soul,
And reach in Thy Service life's worthiest goal.

CHAIRMAN'S REMARKS

HEADMASTER'S REPORT

PRESENTATION OF GRADUATION DIPLOMAS

John Alsop
Gerald Boswell
Leslie Chukly
John Cooper
Andrew Culver
Michael Dawes
Timothy Dumper
Richard Earle
Brian Gentles
Peter Genzel
Campbell Hendery

Gordon Herington
Peeter Kivestu
Michael Lovendel
Christopher Laxton
John Light
John Motter
John MacDougall
David McCollum
David McDougall
Michael O'Hearn
Robert Oliver

John Peck
Michael Pollok
Logan Savard
Steven Schouela
Edward Segalowitz
Nicholas Spillane
George Stinnes
Norman Tobias
Anthony Tyler
Mark Walker
Anthony Warren
Michael Wingham

Address by

THE HON. VICTOR C. GOLDBLOOM, M.D., M.N.A.

**The Grant Gaiennie Memorial Award
(For all-around Ability in Form I)
Michael Roy**

For all-around Ability in Form II
(Presented by Mrs. A. I. Matheson)
Julian Heller

The Selwyn House Chronicle Cup
Neil Matheson

Distinction in Middle School French
(Presented by Mr. and Mrs. J. LeNormand)
Neil Matheson

Prize for Outstanding Achievement in House Competition Middle School
(Presented by Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Kairis)
Neil Matheson

The Jock Barclay Memorial Trophy
(For all-round ability in Middle School)
Murray Stark

MIDDLE SCHOOL CERTIFICATES

SENIOR SCHOOL AWARDS

Form IVA	1st David Peippo	2nd Robert Miller
Form IVB	1st Jeremy Henderson	2nd William Turner
Form VA	1st Geoffrey Hale	2nd Richard Brodtkin
Form VB	1st James McCallum	2nd Greg Meadowcroft
Form VIA	1st Michael Lapin	2nd David Nonnenman
Form VIB	1st Herbert Coristine	2nd David Clarke
Form VIIA	1st Peeter Kivestu	2nd Norman Tobias
Form VIIB	1st Michael Wingham	2nd John Alsop

Distinction in Senior French
(Presented by Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Molson)
Michael Wingham

Distinction in 4th Form Mathematics
(Presented by Mrs. G. R. H. Sims)
William Turner

Distinction in Senior Mathematics
(Presented by Mr. Colin Moseley)
Michael Wingham

Distinction in Fifth Form Geography
Geoffrey Hale

Distinction in Literature
Michael O'Hearn

Distinction in Sixth Form Science
(Presented by Dr. and Mrs. Hamilton Baxter)
Herbert Coristine

Distinction in Latin
(Louis Tunick Lazar Memorial)
David Nonnenman

Public Speaking Prize
(Presented by Hon. Mr. Justice G. M. Hyde)
Peter Genzel

Distinction in History
Michael O'Hearn

Distinction in Spanish
Campbell Hendery

Distinction in Creative Writing
(Presented by Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Carsley)
Peter Genzel

Prize for General Excellence
(Presented by Mr. T. H. P. Molson)
David McDougall

Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen Memorial Awards
(Presented anonymously)

FORM VII

David McDougall
Michael Pollak

Anthony Tyler
George Stinnes

FORM VI

Michael Lapin

Peter Roden

Doniel Gold

Magazine Contest Awards

Michael O'Hearn
James Locke

Michael Lavendel
Robin Rohlicek

Prize for Outstanding Achievement in House Competition Senior School
(Presented by Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Kairis)
Norman Tobias

The Nesbitt Cup
(for inter-House Competition in General Activities)
Speirs House

The Anstey Cup
(for inter-House Academic Competition)
Macauloy House

The LeMoine Trophy
(for inter-House Competition in Debating)
Speirs House — George Stinnes

The Governors' Shield
(for over-all ascendancy in inter-House Competition)
Norman Tobias

The Ernst Brandl Memorial Trophy
(for outstanding Esprit de Corps in Fifth Form)
Scott Robertson

The Redpath Herald Award
David McCallum

The Governor-General's Bronze Medal
(for Academic Distinction in Senior School)
Michael Wingham

The Thomas Chalmers Brainerd Memorial Award
(Presented by Mr. Charles Lineaweaver)
David McCallum

The Jeffrey Russel Prize
(Awarded for all-round ability and presented by Mrs. H. Y. Russell)
Norman Tobias

The Lucas Medal
(Awarded to the most outstanding boy in the Senior Form of the School in work, games,
leadership and character, on vote of Staff and his fellow-students)
David McDougall

O CANADA



FORM III CHOIR

The Choir

Winners in the various singing competitions last June were as follows:—

- Form 3 Neil Bird
- Form 2 Lorne Ellen
- Form 1 Nicholas Toulmin
- Form A Colin Bird
- Form B Comeron Smith

To these boys we offer our sincere congratulations. The F. Gordon Phillips Trophy for Inter-House Competition was won by Macauley House. The Carol Service was held in St. Andrews Church on December 16th and was attended by a large number of enthusiastic parents, who greatly enjoyed the programme that was presented. Soloists from Form I were Colin Bird, Bruce Williams, Peter Oliver and Mark Just, and from Form 2 Tom Burdick, Brett Berman, Richard Small and Daniel Dydzak.



FORM I CHOIR



FORM II CHOIR



FORM A1 CHOIR



FORM A2 CHOIR

SELWYN HOUSE SCHOOL

SPORTS PRIZEGIVING, 1970

GUEST OF HONOUR: LORNE C. WEBSTER, Esq.

Skiing Awards:—	Most Improved Junior	...	Walter Stolting
	Intermediate	...	Mark Culver
	Senior	...	{ Andrew Culver Paul Mayer

Gymnastic Awards:—	Form D	Clark McKeown	Form C	Scott McKeown
	B1	Pierre Goad	B2	Duncan McDougall
	A1	Paul Gupta	A2	Blake Harrison
	IA	David McKeown	IB	David Demers
	IIA	George Jenkins	IIB	Ross Elliott
	IIIA	Richard Weldon	IIIB	Ross Oliver
	IIIC	Murray Stark		
	IVA	Taylor Gray	IVB	Danny Schouela
	VA	Clifford Pearson	VB	Rory Byrne
	VIA	William Ainley	VIB	Stephen Ludgate
	VIIA	Norman Tobias	VIIIB	John Alsop

Junior Gymnastic Squad:—

Colin Bird, Andrew Dalglish, John Embiricos, Robert Hall, Peter Hodgson, Marc Just, Jonathan Pearson, Robin Rohlicek

Intermediate Gymnastic Squad:—

David Cronin, Brian Fitzpatrick, Richard Pearson, Andrew Stewart, Andrew Weldon

Senior Gymnastic Squad:—

Jamie Boyd, Herbert Coristine, David McDougall, Robert Oliver, Timothy Paul

The Baxter Cup (most outstanding junior gymnast) Blake Harrison

The Culver Cup (most outstanding intermediate gymnast) David McKeown

The De Wolfe Mackay Shield (most outstanding senior gymnast) Norman Tobias

Hockey Colours:

Senior: William Ainley, John Light, Robert MacDougall, Anthony Tyler, Craig Shannon

Bantam: Herbert Coristine, Wilks Keefer, James McCallum

Under Fourteen: Taylor Gray Jonathan Goldbloom, Donald Shannon

The Gillespie Cup (house soccer) ... Speirs House

The Creighton Cup (house hockey) ... Speirs House

The Pitcher Trophy (individual sports) ... Speirs House

Junior Victor Ludorum ... James Turner

The Victor Ludorum Trophy ... Norman Tobias

The Junior Sportsman's Cup (Cassils Memorial Cup) ... To be announced

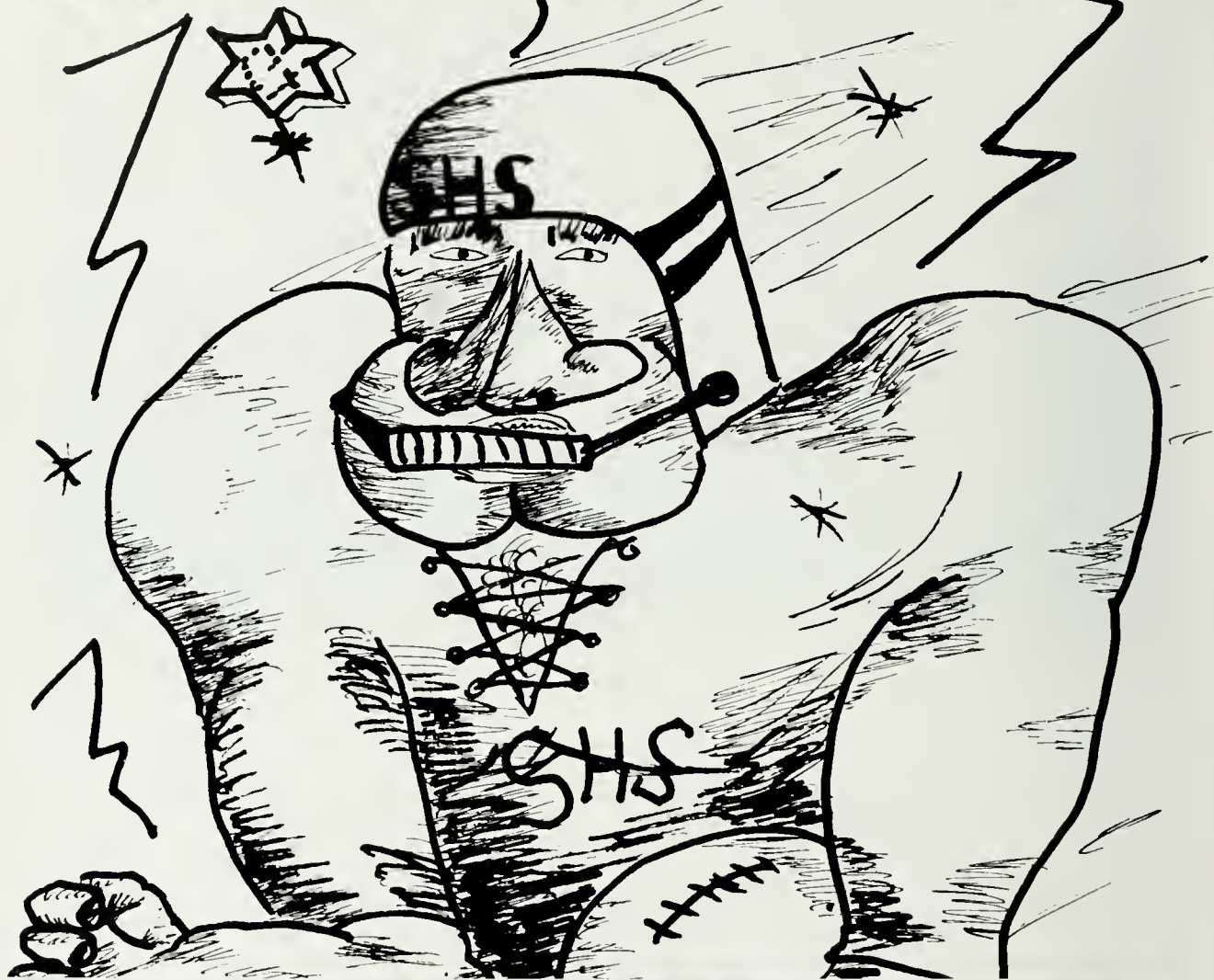
The Senior Sportsman's Cup (McMaster Memorial Cup) ... To be announced

List of Awards

50 yards (6 years):	1st Robin Kraemer	2nd Clark McKeown
50 yards (7 years):	1st John Ogilvy	2nd Joseph Besso
50 yards (8 years):	1st Brian Taylor	2nd Pierre Goad
50 yards (9 years):	1st Marc Just	2nd Michael Cooper
50 yards (10 years):	1st Robert Hall	2nd James Turner
100 yards (6 years):	1st Robin Kraemer	
100 yards (7 years):	1st John Ogilvy	2nd Anthony Griffin
100 yards (8 years):	1st Brian Taylor	2nd Pierre Good
100 yards (9 years):	1st Marc Just	2nd David Gamaroff
100 yards (10 years):	1st Robert Hall	2nd James Turner
100 yards (11 years):	1st David Demers	2nd Nicholas Toulmin
100 yards (class 1):	1st Michael Weil	2nd Charles Rohlicek
100 yards (class 2):	1st Michael Chambers	2nd Jonathan Hamovitch
100 yards (class 3):	1st Norman Tobias	2nd Craig Shannon
Softball Throw (8 years):	1st Duncon McDougall	2nd Karel Nemec
Softball Throw (9 years):	1st Colin Bird	2nd Charles Besner
Softball Throw (10 years):	1st James Turner	2nd Paul Gupta
Broad Jump (8 years):	1st Pierre Good	2nd Karel Nemec
Broad Jump (9 years):	1st David Gamaroff	2nd Michael Cooper
Broad Jump (10 years):	1st James Turner	2nd Robert Hall
Broad Jump (11 years):	1st David Demers	2nd Gory Frank
Broad Jump (class 1):	1st Taylor Gray	2nd Alex Just
Broad Jump (class 2):	1st Wayne Dibben	2nd John Williams
Broad Jump (class 3):	1st Norman Tobias	2nd Craig Shannon
High Jump (class 1):	1st Taylor Gray	2nd Richard McAdam
High Jump (class 2):	1st Jay Rankin	2nd Wayne Dibben
High Jump (class 3):	1st Norman Tobias	2nd Craig Shannon
Triple Jump (class 1):	1st Peter Stolting	2nd Andrew Purvis
Triple Jump (class 2):	1st Michael Chambers	2nd Jay Rankin
Triple Jump (class 3):	1st Norman Tobias	2nd Craig Shannon
Discus (10 years):	1st James Turner	2nd Robert Hall
Discus (11 years):	1st James Stanley	2nd David Demers
Discus (class 1):	1st Richard McAdam	2nd Julian Heller
Discus (class 2):	1st Eric Kaplan	2nd Wilks Keefer
Discus (class 3):	1st Michael O'Hearn	2nd Robert MacDougall
Shot-put (class 1):	1st Richard McAdam	2nd Taylor Gray
Shot-put (class 2):	1st Leslie Laymon	2nd Eric Kaplan
Shot-put (class 3):	1st Edward Segalowitz	2nd Steven Schouela
Javelin (class 1):	1st Richard Pearson	2nd David Cronin
Javelin (class 2):	1st Wayne Dibben	2nd William Ainley
Javelin (class 3):	1st Stephen Ludgate	2nd Robert MacDougall
440 yards (class 1):	1st Michael Weil	2nd Lorne McDonold
440 yards (class 2):	1st Michael Chambers	2nd John Connolly
440 yards (class 3):	1st Craig Shannon	2nd David McDougall
880 yards (class 1):	1st Brian Fitzpatrick	2nd { Paul Tinari Clive Hooton
880 yards (class 2):	1st John Connolly	2nd James Dorey
880 yards (class 3):	1st Anthony Hunt	2nd Leslie Chukly
One mile (open):	1st John Connolly	2nd David McDougall
Obstacle Race (form D):	1st Clark McKeown	2nd Andrew Ivory
Obstacle Race (form C):	1st Brian Taylor	2nd Bartholomew Sambrook
Brothers' Race:	1st Christian Griffin	
Sisters' Race:	1st Christian Stewart-Patterson	
Relay Race (form D):	1st Andrew Ivory, Patrick O'Grady, David Daly, Christopher Arnold-Forster	
Relay Race (form C):	1st Bartholomew Ross, Robert Lande, Stephen Rudberg, George Zarifi	
Relay Race (forms B):	1st Speirs House	
Relay Race (forms A):	1st Lucas House	
Relay Race (forms I):	1st Speirs House	
Relay Race (forms II):	1st Macaulay House	
Relay Race (forms III):	1st Speirs House	
Relay Race (forms IV-V):	1st Lucas House	
Relay Race (forms VI-VII):	1st Speirs House	



"SHS FOOTBALL STARS"





Senior Football 1970

This year was one of rebuilding for the senior squad, with many new and inexperienced players forced to play regularly due to the lack of manpower. This problem was compounded by the loss of Craig Shannon before our first game, and Harlan Rosenthal who broke his ankle during the third game. However, the loss of these two key players was offset by the hard work of Captain Mike Chambers, Brian Dopking, and Steven Ludgate, who together constituted the teams' offensive power. Although we had a dismal season statistically speaking, the competent coaching of Mr. Andy McDonald, and the experience gained by the younger players should pay dividends in the coming years.

Sports Editor

"OUR COACH: MR. ANDY MACDONALD"





Bantam Football

Again this year the Bantam Football Team had a rough time, finishing up with two losses and one win. Despite the small build of most of the players, the team pulled through depending mostly upon their great determination and team spirit. They played every game, not to win, but to play their best and to gain experience.

This great morale and desire to play was encouraged and built up by the excellent coaching abilities of the coach, Mr. Ian Burgess, who has been coaching bantam football teams for the past three or four seasons.

With the same players, the same coach, and the same drive and determination, next season should prove to be a most successful season.

The Bantam players were as follows:

Asselin	Heck	Potterson
Benson	Just	Pearson
Bird	Konigstal	Robson
Borner	Kyres	Rohlicek
Bourne	Macdonald	Ryder
Bresnick	Miller, F	Sharpe
Byrne — captain	assistant captain	Stark
Chambers	Nemec	Stratford
Hale	Oliver	Vandervoort



Senior Soccer

The senior soccer team was successful this year in defending its home ground for the second successive season. This record is partially due to the unity arising from a nucleus of nine members from last year's squad.

Mr. Lewis's coaching was once again outstanding as the team won or tied all of its ten games except for a hard fought loss to Northwood.

As predicted the teachers were thoroughly thrashed in a resounding 5-2 victory which topped off a satisfying and rewarding season.

Our special thanks go to Miss Wood whose moral support was always a welcome surprise.

Selwyn 1	L.C.C. 0
Selwyn 0	St. Georges 0
Selwyn 2	Ashbury 2
Selwyn 1	L.C.C. 0
Selwyn 2	St. Georges 0
Selwyn 2	Ashbury 1
Selwyn 1	Sedburgh 0
Selwyn 2	Sedburgh 1
Selwyn 2	Northwood 3
Selwyn 5	Teachers 2

Forwards: H. Cristine, A. Fard, R. James, T. Paul,
C. Phillips, A. Weldon, and J. Williams
Halfbacks: W. Ainley (captain), J. Bayd, B. Turner
Fullbacks: D. Gald (vice-captain), E. Kaplan
Goals: T. Gray.

Dan Gold





Senior Hockey

The 1970-71 Senior Hockey season, although not a winning one (won-6, lost-9, tied-1), was thoroughly enjoyed by all the players, of whom some had never before been really exposed to team play.

The season had its ups and downs, of which our practice session with Jean Beliveau was a highlight. Because of the relative inexperience of the team, we all learned much about hockey through our errors and the experience of our coach, Mr. MacDonald. At times we really played well together, and we were definitely as good as, if not better than, most of the teams we played. Everyone demonstrated his eagerness to win by a sense of team spirit and a willingness to help the other players.

Good luck to the team for 1971-72.

CRAIG SHANNON.

The members of the team:

Craig Shonnon (Capt.)	Eric Kaplan
Bob Londell (Asst. Capt.)	Jamie Boyd
Bill Ainley (Asst. Capt.)	Herbie Coristine
Luc Beaubien	Tony Hunt
David Clarke	Donald Shonnon
Steve Ludgate	Fraser Miller
David Smith	Tim Paul
Manager - Tom Agar	
Coach - Mr. A. MacDonald	

Colours for outstanding play:

Steve Ludgate
Craig Shonnon

Senior Hockey

This season for the Senior Hockey Team could only be considered moderately successful in terms of games won and lost, but in terms of improvement in skills and style of play, the season was good. There was a large turnout of candidates and the team roster remained at 15 players for the entire season. The team played 16 games and another 6 scheduled games had to be cancelled due to bad weather.

During the season their improved style of play raised them into senior level competition for 5 games but the rise was not quite good enough to make them winners, but they managed a tie with Father MacDonald on Father MacDonald ice. The highlight of the season was the double win against Bishops School.

Outstanding performances all season came from Craig Shannon, Tim Paul, Bill Ainley, Steve Ludgate, and Eric Kaplan and strong performances from two young players, Fraser Miller and David Smith. With only 4 players of this year's team returning next year, we must look to the Bantam team for many players.

I would like to extend my congratulations to all the members of the Senior Team for a good effort especially when it counted.

by Mr. A. MacDonald.



Bantam Hockey

Captain's comments:

This year's team was marred by inconsistency. One game we would be unbeatable and the next we would play terribly. This seasons record would have been much better if we could have played consistently and if we could have gotten a break or two in the games that we tied. This year's team enjoyed a high morale and a high degree of sportsmanship.

Mr. McClernan is deserving of high praise. A lot of boys had never played on a team before and lacked knowledge of the game. He was able to teach us the fundamentals which will result in a better team next year.

In retrospect, although this year's team lacked individual stars, we made up for it with a great deal of drive and determination while at the same time we demonstrated a high degree of sportsmanship.

BRUCE MILLER,
Captain

	G	A	TP
Bruce Miller	8	3	11
Bill Gould	4	2	6
Mike Weil	3	2	5
Greg Hannon	2	3	5
Taylor Grey	2	3	5
Gerry Miller	2	3	5
Chris Orvig	2	1	3
Peter Burgess	1	2	3
Clive Hooten	1	1	2
Jim Legere	1	1	2
Peter Gute	1	1	2
Mike Weldon	1	1	2
Gerry Bourne	—	2	2
Mike Chambers	—	2	2
Huntley Stratford	—	2	2
Blair Baldwin (goals)	AU 2.2		
Jeff Hole (goals)	AU 4.2		

Record:

Lindsey Place	home	lost	6-4
Lindsey Place	away	won	0-1
Lindsey Place	home	won	4-5
Bishops	away	lost	5-0
Verdun Catholic	away	lost	4-1
LCC	away	lost	3-1
Verdun Catholic	home	won	2-4
LCC	home	lost	7-1
Bishops	home	tied	1-1
St. Georges	home	tied	2-2
Northwood	home	lost	6-1
Stanstead	home	won	2-5
St. Georges	home	lost	5-2



Junior Basketball

This was the third year of basketball at the school and our second year in the G.M.I.A.A. competing against formidable competition. The team consisted of many of the same members as last year. We were jovial in our exuberant effort in producing such fine results as substantiated by our two wins; on the contrary, our seven losses proved our ability to lose graciously. In summary, this was our most successful year due to the elevating guidance of our coach, Mr. Bardell, and the unfathomable rewards of playing as a team.

CHIP FORD.

"2H2 BASKETBALL TEAM"



UNDER 14 SOCCER**UNDER 14 HOCKEY**



Provincial Seven-A-Side Rugger Championship Tournament

Selwyn House Junior "A" Team became the runners up in the Provincial Schools Tournament on May 20 at Riverdale High School.

The Team eliminated St. Laurent High, Riverdale High, and Malcolm Campbell High to reach the finals against Monklands. SHS was winning 5 to 3 up to the last minute of the game when the Monkland's scrum half broke loose to score under the posts, making the final score 8 to 5 in Monkland's favour. Our "B" Team played well but were eliminated.

Teams were:—

"A"

Williams (capt.)
Chambers (vice)
Campbell
Dibben
Miller G.
Box i
Asselin

"B"

Baurne (capt.)
Bavaird
Rahlicek i
Nemec i
MacLean
Byrne
Hale

J. M. Lewis



The Magilla Gorilla Weightlifting Club

The Magilla Gorilla Weight-lifting Club, named after its founder, who, incidentally had the power to lift up entire buildings with a single hand, came into existence this year, under the direction of Mr. Martin Lewis. We had several dedicated members throughout the year, who were joined from time to time by those wishing to prepare for hockey, rugger, and track competition. Although not firmly established as a tradition in "SHS", the club has a glorious future ahead of it, provided that the key to the weight lifting room is not lost or misplaced.

H. Rosenthal, Club President



CARNIVAL



ACTION



Contests



1st PRIZE ART CONTEST
ROBIN ROHLICEK
WOODCUT

Contest Winners

LITERARY

- Poetry: 1st: Peter Roden, Michael Lapin.
Honorable Mention: Jon Hamovitch
- Prose: 1st: Michael Lapin
2nd: Peter Roden
- Junior: Richard Small

ART

- Sculpture: 1st: Robin Rohlicek
2nd: Serge Mazza
3rd: Frank Nemec
- Drawing: 1st: Robin Rohlicek (woodcut)
2nd: Frank Nemec
3rd: Andrew Stewart

PHOTOGRAPHY

- Black & White
- 1st: Todd Howard
2nd: Todd Howard
3rd: Chris Noble, Todd Howard
- Colour
- 1st: Larry Karass
2nd: Danny Schouela
3rd: Danny Schouela

MIDDLE SCHOOL FIRST PRIZE



FIRST PRIZE POETRY

Night

The sun leaves the passing earth slowly;
A trace of its mighty potency lingers behind.
The sky turns orange,
 then fire red.

But the people continue to walk on,
They don't realize the beauty unfolding.
No-one is staring,
 I don't understand.

The Night Angel leads his almighty troops forward,
For it is once again his time to lead.
I stop and stare,
 But am alone.

The stars appear and there is shining light.
The flickers of day stay there to guide.
I am still here,
 Where are You?

The Clouds appear unopposed on the horizon
And the troops retreat – the battle is lost.
I remain,
 Worrying.

The blue of day returns to soothe me,
The plants, animals and even some people
Hear me,
 And I am comforted.

Peter Roden VII A

Voyage to Saturn

Today was the day—the great hustle and bustle that had been going on for months in the space station was edging towards its climax. The third Saturn landing expedition was due to leave the station in a short time. There was hope that it would succeed; the first had crash-landed and blown up on the formidable planet.

The parts of the rocket had been brought to the station from Earth by an old Mars Mineral Transport ferry. The rocket had been assembled in the station with the greatest care. After leaving the space station it would reach Saturn in one day. This was possible because of the extraordinary gravity pull exerted by the planet.

A few hours later, the spaceship was wheeled out of the station and attached to a space docking ring on the side of the space station. The astronauts were aboard; everything was in order. Soon the mighty rocket gently eased out of the docking capsule and glided to a spot not far from the station. The powerful engines began to warm up. With a mighty roar the back of the rocket lit up and in a minute the spaceship was racing through the empty blackness of space toward the ringed planet. Mission Control told the astronauts to set the rocket on the computerized guidance system.

The hours passed while the astronauts attended to their various duties. Suddenly a warning buzzer sounded. A giant meteor was hurtling towards the spaceship. Sweat broke out on the brows of the astronauts as they desperately wondered how to avoid the seemingly inevitable collision. The meteor was coming closer every second. The five astronauts, with advice from Mission Control, fired their side rockets just as the meteor whistled past the spaceship.

Their destination, Saturn, was looming large in the distance. A mid-course correction was made just in time to put the spaceship back on course. The astronauts were then instructed by Mission Control to fire their first braking rockets as they were now in the planet's gravitational pull, plunging towards its surface. Then full braking power was applied. The rocket slowly descended toward the planet and the landing computer began to announce:

"Distance from surface—one mile . . . one thousand feet . . . five hundred feet . . . one hundred feet . . . fifty . . . twenty-five . . . ten . . . nine . . . eight . . . seven . . . six . . . five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . . TOUCHDOWN!"

Richard Small II A



Life

As the struggling infant, covered in red,
Slowly bursts out of the safety of the mother's womb,
One sole leaf, covered in red,
Drifts to the ground and reaches the long awaited safety.

One mother laughs,
For her baby is born,
While the tree is weeping
For the loss of its leaf.

But, at the same time,
Multitudes of mixed emotions
Flutter and trample
Throughout every sign of life.

And now one old lady weeps
As she stares at her baby,
And one big tree shakes
As its new leaves are grown.

One sole bud, covered in white,
Breaks the ground to form a new life,
And one lone corpse, covered in white,
Is laid into the ground for eternity.

1st PRIZE BLACK & WHITE
TODD HOWARD
"IAN ANDERSON"

Love

It was a cold winter night,
And they were joined.
The happiness was so great
That it could be seen floating
In the pearls of sunlight.
And the love equalled the happiness.

And from this love came four.

And the love was so great
That the four flourished.
And when one of those four need it
The love is there, to reach out and grab.

I hope it will last.

Jon Hamovitch VI A

FIRSTprize prose

Mountain Climbing

John J. D. Jacobs had made it. He had everything—money, houses, corporations, women—you name it, he owned it. He believed in the material things in the universe, and he had worked hard all his life (some forty-odd years) to gain as many of them as possible.

His trouble was that he was feared, but not respected. From the time he had been a street-cleaner's son in the slums, he had had a driving ambition that had forced him to "throw" people this way and that to obtain his goals. He first had power-through-fear as the tough leader of an amalgamation of all the gangs in New York. He had gone around terrorizing shopkeepers, promising them protection in exchange for "gifts" and money. He had soon realized, however, that overt illegality would not help his aims, so he became the aloof leader, letting his underlings do the dirty work. An inborn business sense and a college commerce degree later set him up as a financial king on Wall Street. People now feared his power, or accepted him for his money, but refused to like him as a person. Really, they had nothing they could respect him for.

For this reason, he decided to do something noteworthy—he would climb Dwalajar, the most difficult peak in the Himalayas, and be the first human to stand on its summit. To make sure he succeeded, he would spare no expense for transportation, equipment, or advice.

Upon his arrival in Nepal, he began organizing the last stages of his expedition. This meant he had to mingle, reluctantly, with the natives. He was struck by the filth and poverty in the lowlands, disgusted by it. He had lived too many years in the slums of New York, and could not pass through the narrow alleys without shivering from remembered misery.

One day, while picking his way through a crowded, noisy market in Katmandu, he noticed a beggar sitting on a mat, surrounded by many people who listened to his every word. These people seemed to respect the beggar, to be his friends. Jacobs had so much more—he was the powerful white man from far away; he could give them gifts from foreign lands. Why didn't they look up to him? He went over and struck the beggar, growling, "Filthy beggar, why should you be respected?"

The beggar picked himself up and smiled. "I love and respect my fellow men, as they do me. Being at peace with the universe, one can do anything, and be anything. One does not have to own the universe to be successful in life." He brushed off his white loincloth, rolled up his mat, and walked away.

Jacobs, laughing at the beggar's naivety, went back to his arrangements, which were soon completed. By having the camps dropped by airplane at designated spots along the route, he would not have to lug heavy packs the many miles to the mountain. With the aid of the very best equipment money could buy, and a lowly Sherpa or two, he would be the first person to conquer the peak of Dwalajar.

Three weeks later, Jacobs was clinging to the side of the mountain, a few hundred feet below the summit. A strong blizzard was blowing, making the going extremely difficult. His faithful Sherpa, whom he treated with absolutely no respect (he had an over-ripe smell), supported him as he surveyed the final assault through gaps in the storm. They were growing colder and more uncomfortable every minute.

An hour later, he crawled over the top, half-frozen. The air was surprisingly warm, and a "bowl" twenty feet across had been melted out of the snow at the peak. The Sherpa uttered an exclamation of joy and rushed over to the side of the beggar, who was sitting on his mat in the center of the bowl, still wearing nothing but a spotless loincloth. They started jabbering away in a language Jacobs could not understand, and the mutual liking and respect in their eyes was enough to make him sick. He interrupted them, saying, "How did you get up here? You didn't pass us on the way up—you don't even have any equipment."

The beggar smiled and said, "You mean you walked?" Jacobs' mouth dropped open in surprise. The beggar spread forth his arms to indicate the world. "Anything is possible when you respect the universe." With that, he took hold of the Sherpa's hand, and they both disappeared. The wind returned to the top of the mountain, and Jacobs began his lonely descent.

Michael Lapin VII A

FIRSTprize poetry

Contentment

He strides across the world
Sowing ideas of peace.
The seeds dig into the soil,
Take root,
And grow tall and strong.

He smiles warmly down,
And closes his eyes,
Reviewing pictures of an inner world,
And feels sleepily satisfied
With his work.

The tide of success rocks him
To feelings of elation,
And the peace which he has sown
Returns to him,
And he accepts it.

Michael Lapin VII A

Winds of Fate

I sit and watch
the soft-flowing waters of Time
move past me, brushing by
my cheek
In ribbons of light green
which flutter lazily
I see currents rolling by
Feel the quiet breath
of chance caressing

Waiting for me
a darkness warm and dry
and peaceful
Oh but the scenes keep
rolling by

The curving forms
of mirrored images
The beauty of nature
unveiled
overflowing
the senses
with blissful
wonder

I can sit and wait
No need to hurry towards
the whirling, final,
winds of fate.

Tony Hunt
VII B.

Always There, Like Death

A little creeping light
Creeps about in the night.

Hunts in the huge dark
A little room for a spark.

The dark is without surprise
It knows by a thousand eyes

Eyes without body or breath
And always there, like death.

Watching the upstart light
Hunt its place in the night.

L. Karass VI A

A Gastronomic Quest

There was once, in this universe, a very rich king, named Preedoe II, who lived on the luxury planet Yojne. This king was a great gourmand, and devoted himself to his hobby. His life was practically one long procession of fine foods of all sorts. In fact, all he ever did was eat, and during his life he ate practically every type of delicacy available among the known worlds. His only view of Yojne was of a constant line of bearers bringing in new dishes, and of the anxious chefs hovering beside each dish.

Yojne's only view of Preedoe II was of a twenty-five ton, roly-poly mass of tentacles surrounding a beautiful mouth, which was equipped with many rows of splendid teeth and an enormous red tongue, studded with foot-wide taste-buds. This mouth could accept any form of nourishment, including, of course, those chefs whose delicacies disagreed with his delicate, ten-foot-long stomach, which pulsed outside of his body, just a little behind and to the left of the imperial throne.

Only one thing marred his happy existence. This was the thought that, as he could only eat a certain delicacy or chef once and never have it again, (he had a stomach which was chemically fused against repeats), Preedoe II would eventually run out of different foods, the universe being theoretically finite. That is to say, without food he would die. (Oh, mourn his passing!)

And so it came to pass, on the date of his twenty-five-thousandth birthday, that he realized that he had sampled each kind of food in the known universe once. He immediately established a decree stating that he would give his kingdom, upon his death from malnutrition, to the one who provided him with one last meal, the delicacy of delicacies.

At once, Preedoe's most loyal subject, Fribble de Witt, came to him and said, "Sire, a new solar system has been discovered. There is one planet that harbours life, and it is called by the inhabitants 'Earth'. Most of the native foods are found elsewhere in the universe, but there is one of which I have read in their *Cookbook for Kings* that has not been found anywhere else. Shall I procure this delicacy for you?"

"Yes, oh most hungrily yes!" slobbered the King.

Fribble de Witt took off at once. In a few nano-seconds he was on Earth. He set up a completely transparent cage in the middle of a field in Twelfth Century Europe to catch an unsuspecting farmer. Soon, a two hundred pound serf banged his nose on the inner wall of the cage, and Fribble de Witt slammed the door shut. The great speed of the return to Yojne, and the exposure to the hard vacuum of space cooked the unfortunate man to a golden, mouth-watering turn, sautéed in his own juices.

The glass cage was set down in front of the King, the serf still in it. The King dribbled, "What is it?"

Fribble de Witt replied proudly, "Sire, I present you with the greatest delicacy in the universe. You are the first non-Terran to taste its delicious flavour. They call it 'peasant under glass'."

The King sighed happily and crunched on a bone.

Michael Lapin VII A

Help!

The oil lies over the ocean,
The tankers lie under the sea.
The fishes lie over the water,
They've all died from mercury.

The smog film lies over the city,
The people lie under the smog.
They all died from sulphur dioxide.
Or got bumped off by nitrogen bombs.

The factories, they are still running,
They're being run mechanically.
No one any more can go sunning,
We can't even die naturally.

The animals wait for extinction,
As man keeps on killing them off.
Soon it will be all over –
Let's turn this polluted world off.

Saxe Brickenden IV C

Memoranda

"Ah, come on, Kapper, what's the story?"
Asks the man in all his glory.
"I'll tell the Head and then he'll holler,
'Hair, my friends, above the collar!'"

"I mean to say, I just forgot
To give you boys a special not
On Garibaldi's greatest fight
While curling at the rink last night."

"Who but an idiot, boy, confess,
Could find himself in such a mess?
Since when are polygons compared
By introducing πr^2 ?"

"Oh, see here, gentlemen," he sighs,
"You guys skate like wingless flies.
The object of the game's to score,
and not to check me through the floor."

"Hey buddy!" yells the lab technician,
"Which one of you's the big magician?
My beaker's gone and you're in trouble,
Hence return it on the double!"

This poem is not a degradation
Of our Selly reputation,
But if by it I've caused offence
That goes to prove our staff is dense.

H. Rosenthal VII A

For Claxton, your topic: The Joy of Mushy Potatoes

I have during all of my many years never heard of such a preposterous subject, so it is with infinite difficulty that I discuss several interesting aspects known by me concerning this topic, and to fill the remaining space allotted I may only to please you comment on the other, ever-associated one: Man.

Truly the subject is abhorrent. You know as well as I do. But I shall attempt to remark on it, if only briefly at that. It reminds me of a time when I had done something a little out of step — I was having a good time playing around, doing nothing bothersome at all. I just had an inner happiness. And then some person saw fault with my innocent actions. I don't understand what kind of people that takes. You probably know the type: kind of snooty, though not always. They're not looking for trouble, but they want to show their strength, if only in a very petty way. Maybe they give you a shove and yell something obscene after you as you run to get away. That type of thing happened to me when I must have been ten or so. I was riding my bicycle with a friend, and got off to pitch stones in the river. And after a while these two older guys came along, and one decided to beat me up, and did. I received a painful cut in my knee. My pants were torn there, and the cut was filled with gravel. I remember picking out the little pieces of stone. I haven't any idea why some people are like that. Something bothering them pretty bad. My cut was nothing compared with some others sustain. And the pain was totally inconsequential. I can't recall it.

These people I'm talking of, I don't know if they're bad or what. Something in the brain, I suppose. Usually, if I'm punched by someone, I don't hit back, but sometimes my temper takes hold of me. It's not a very good state to be in: when your temper is in control of you and the goodness that your parents among others have tried so hard to foster in you is totally absent.

What is there to do about this type of person? Nothing really seems to work. There's no sign I've noticed to prove that any sort of punishment reforms the misguided. Perhaps punishment is a negative approach and a more positive one like preaching a religion or a philosophy would be more appropriate.

In these very trying times when any association with guilt produces shame in the hearts of the innocent, it might be better to reorganize one's patterns of behavior and thought to produce an atmosphere not only of greater friendship, but also of understanding. There are two choices one has: to give something useful to the world community or to give nothing at all. I mean it.

George Tombs V B

Man Retiring

As I take off my robe of office
and hang it in the back of the closet,
I feel the weight of petty pride
slip from my tired shoulder.
And all the little schemes,
the small pretentious insults to Machiavelli,
the hurts taken and given
(may those that were given be forgiven)
tumble down into a dusty heap
among the worn-out shoes in the dark corner.

And suddenly I feel that I do not matter.
And a sense of freedom overwhelms me.
And I want to cry out for joy.

I will do momentous things:
I will go to the park
and feed squirrels
and talk to the old men
and look at the young girls on spring days;
I will listen to birds in summer,
I will hear the rustle of autumn,
and wait for the coming of the first quiet snow

And then,
coming back to the closet,
I will reach up to a high shelf
and bring down an old, forgotten box.
And lifting up the dusty lid,
I will find my soul again.

— Hill

Old Love

Translated from the Russian of
A. S. Pushkin

I loved thee once, and it may even be
That love is not quite dead within my heart;
But let it come no more to trouble thee;
I would not bring thee pain by any art.

Silent, I loved thee, hopeless of my goal,
With jealousy oppressed, and now with fear;
I loved thee tenderly, with all my soul.
God grant another's love may prove as dear.

— Hill

(By permission Villiers, London)

I sing songs for my own shore,
but not in dirges for the gone glory
of mouldering castles
or dead deeds.
My voice is the new voice
of a new world,
with the force
of what is not content to be achieved,
but always is becoming.

I sing psalms,
but not in the meter of Crimmond
or the acceptance of my fathers' gods.
My choirs are loud to the unnamed thing
that witnessed the birth of my native hills,
that poured strength to me
in the moist air of that far place.

I must not be there now.
Fish cannot see the source or course
of their own stream:
only from out and beyond
can beauty of whole things be caught.

No. I will stand here
where I feel the perspective of distance.
I will shout like a madman
to those who stayed behind;
Be joyful. Be proud
of your striding rocks and flagrant peaks.
They have begotten a million hopes
in a million places.
Let your spirit rise with them,
gaunt, bold and glorious,
and in their own home
cherish them.

— Hill

(By permission Villiers, London)

Blind

The blind man seeks the sun;
 Yet all around
 We see
 Sunbeams
 Spatter black earth
 Like an acid eating, —
 Eroding that base matter.

We have lost contact
 With primordial forces;
 And black bullets
 Sizzle off asphalt,
 Searing the skin
 With countless stigma;
 While in spotless
 Cold December shrouds
 Wrap us.
 And all we see
 In this misty dark
 Is —
 Is the shadow —
 A shimmering past . . .

12 / 12 / 69
 G. C. I. B.

Born Prisoners

Prisoners	of our own	experience
We are		held
In living water		at birth.

Piercing the curtain, Between this world And the next, We fall	in death.
---	-----------

We first thrust	Our empty heads
Into nothingness	
Suppliant hands	We extend into the vaporous air and water earth and fire.

We gasp,	groping in the black wilderness
And thunderous Sounds — Echo the pain Of inhalation Of freedom	the cry of voices protest against the fires within ourselves.

12 / 12 / 69
 G. C. I. B.

Do you have the answer to number 99?

There were probably times when there were no questions to answer, no roads to wander, no downs to up. But that time is gone and today is today. Tomorrow may be better 'cause even though I didn't pass the test, I still have a few answers. And though I may have many more questions, there is more time to learn—unless I stop.

Kevin Clarke VI A

The Gate

As I drove along the road, something in the far distance caught my eye. Wondering what it was, I drove on until I could make it out. It was a great golden gate that had a gold path leading from behind it to a beautiful white building made entirely of marble. As I turned my head to look around me, I noticed many other people arriving on different roads to the gate. Then I thought of my long journey that had taken me from Thirl, the great city of silver, to here. On this journey I had seen and met many different things. I had had happy and sad moments, had had triumphs and defeats, but in the end it had always turned out to be pleasant. Now I am a much wiser and humbler man than I was when I started. Forgetting all these things, I opened the doors of the gate, closed them behind me, and walked down the golden path to the great white building.

Simon Langshur II A

Too Little Time

Nine minutes left. Move onto the next question. Three minutes, I can't think. My cheeks are red and my eyes are watering. Hurry! Hand in my paper now? Too little time. I hope nobody else finishes. A cold sweat drops down from heaven to me as I find out most kids are finished. How could they? I knew my work so well, too. I blush and think for a few moments. Maybe I answer part of the first question properly. Too little time. Maybe I might get half marks for that question. No, I won't. Too little time.

Andrew Stewart IV B

The Runaway

Running, running. Fear. A shadow. They have me! No, they do not. Is the food poisoned? Who will catch me? Will I be caught? Pause. A shot—or could that be a garbage can lid falling? Tired. Must continue. No breath. Hide. They have lost me. What fools they are. Or am I the fool? Soon I will reach it and they will not be able to get me. What fools. Running, running. Fear. A shadow. They have me. The food is poisoned. A shot, not a garbage can lid. No breath. Tired. Must continue. They have me. I am a fool.

Jeff Schwartz IV C



CHRIS NOBLE

French Section

Editorial

Dans une société bilingue comme la nôtre ici au Québec, il est essentiel que les étudiants des deux langues apprennent à devenir bilingues. J'espère que cette section, qui paraît pour la deuxième fois, aidera les élèves à comprendre la valeur du français pour un québécois de langue anglaise.

C. Noble VI A

Terre des Hommes

La chaleur. La douceur. La tranquillité. La paix. Tous les éléments de la sécurité complète. Les pensées flottent sans cesse en formant une grande révolution un peu circulaire mais vraiment presque sans direction. A l'état embryonnaire, les murs sont doux. La pulsation roulante fournit la sérénité ici. Tout est calme dans la matrice.

Au milieu du septième mois, on a frappé. L'attaque était si violente que les vibrations ont enveloppées toute la petite chambre d'un nuage de terreur. Elle a grandi avec une férocité terrible et comme une symphonie montante, elle a éclaté avec la force du tonnerre.

Tout à coup, aussi soudainement qu'elle avait commencée, elle a terminé. Le calme est revenu.

Dans la chambre blanche, la mère attendait le docteur en silence. Toutes les deux où trois secondes, ses yeux se sont dirigés vers la porte.

Enfin il est apparu. Il est entré et il s'est approché du lit. Son air de compassion professionnelle était assez pour elle. Elle l'a aidé en fondant aux larmes avant même qu'il ait dit:

"Je regrette madame; le bébé est né mort."

D. Gold VII A

La Musique

On écoute souvent les mots de beaucoup de personnes parlant de la musique moderne. Les personnes dont je parle sont entre les âges de 30 et 60. Ces personnes généralement sont trop loin du monde moderne et elles ne peuvent pas comprendre cette musique.

Généralement, la musique moderne contient un message raconté par les mots et la musique. Souvent les mots sont difficiles à distinguer, mais si on essaie, on peut comprendre les mots. Aussi, ils disent que la musique est éclatante. Mais c'est très important, parce que la musique contient un message aussi. Il y a vingt ans, la musique était faite seulement pour plaire et n'avait pas de message, seulement des beaux mots. Cependant, aujourd'hui les gars veulent dire quelque chose, pas seulement des choses inutiles.

Je pense que les jeunes personnes aujourd'hui sont plus sérieuses que leur parents. S'ils veulent dire quelque chose, ils le disent, et s'ils veulent jouer quelque chose, ils le jouent, souvent sous forme de musique.

En conclusion, je veux dire que la musique d'aujourd'hui révèle une attitude importante: c'est que le monde est fait pour eux et seulement pour eux.

E. Kaplan VII A

Le Retard

Un jour, quand Jean marchait vers l'école, lentement parce qu'il n'aime pas le procédé "éducation", il a vu une auto qui se hâtait le long de la rue. Jean a vu que l'auto ne pouvait pas s'arrêter. Il a fermé les yeux et l'auto est allée frapper un vieillard qui ne pouvait pas éviter ce danger. Le corps de l'homme a volé dans l'air et l'auto s'est arrêtée contre un mur. L'homme est resté où il est tombé. Jean a couru vers lui pour l'aider. Il n'était pas mort mais il était gravement blessé. Quelqu'un a appelé une ambulance. Le conducteur de l'auto est mort.

En quelques minutes, l'ambulance est arrivée. Deux hommes ont sauté de l'ambulance, et soigneusement ils ont porté le vieillard à l'ambulance. Jean était très choqué par cet accident, et c'est avec difficulté qu'il a continué sa marche vers l'école. Quand il est arrivé à l'école, son professeur l'a grondé pour avoir été en retard, mais il n'a rien dit. Il n'y avait rien à dire.

H. Coristine VII B

Midi

C'est l'heure de déjeuner. Dans les bureaux, tout le monde se dépêche. Les ascenseurs sont pleins. Dans les bâtiments et les gratteciels, les couloirs dégorgent une foule d'une grandeur incroyable. Quelques jeunes dactylos qui restent se mettent à leur boîtes-à-lunch, en parlant tant qu'elles ne remarquent même pas le gout médiocre de ce qu'elles mangent.

Dehors, la circulation est dense. L'agent de circulation est harassé. On entend son siflet, aigu, irrité. Les passants se dirigent vers les restaurants ou chez eux. Dans les ruelles derrière, une odeur de patates frites, d'oignons et de poulet Bar-B-Q s'élève fortement. Un chien fait des investigations.

Le soleil brille. Il fait chaud. Les ventilateurs fonctionnent bien, si bien que quand on sort dans la chaleur du midi, on se sent presque asphyxié. Les piétons traversent la rue comme un troupeau. En regardant la scène, les couleurs sautent vivement aux yeux: les réclames, les vitrines, les passants, les autos. Le trottoir est sec. La poussière s'élève.

Derrière la rue principale, on est entrain de bâtir un grand édifice. Le bruit est épouvantable. Les ouvriers qui y travaillent, portant des chapéaux durs, ne semblent pas l'entendre.

Dans un petit parc près de tout cela, un vieil homme donne à manger aux oiseaux. Sur le banc, ceux-ci hésitent un moment, puis, attirés par des morceaux de pain, ils restent. Une jeune fille s'allonge par terre, une statue froide et grise la regarde.

C'est l'heure de rentrer. Encore plus de gens, plus de bruit, plus de circulation. Puis un peu de calme. Montreal se prépare pour plus tard. Vers cinq heures, tout recommencera.

A. D. Nercessian VII B

Humanité

Le dessin général des formes de l'humanité
Ressemble à un de ces grandes figures,
Destinées à être vues de loin.

Mais dans l'histoire, le trait est grossier
Comme si, au lieu d'être représenté

Par un individu,

Il l'est par de grandes masses,

Par une nation,

Par une philosophie,

Par une forme religieuse.

Mais l'humanité—c'est l'individu;

Et aujourd'hui, si l'individu triomphe,

L'humanité ne mourra pas,

Et peut-être réussirons-nous à vivre en paix.

L. Karass VI B

L'éducation et la société

Aujourd'hui nous habitons dans un monde plein de problèmes. La nouvelle génération essaye de changer la société tandis que les gens plus vieux essayent d'arrêter les jeunes.

La société est le résultat de l'éducation. C'est à dire, on forme la société avec le genre d'éducation qu'on a. Aujourd'hui nous essayons de changer la société sans changer le système d'éducation, et c'est impossible. Et c'est impossible de changer le système d'éducation parceque c'est la société qui le règle.

Nous sommes dans un cercle vicieux qui doit changer. Avant de changer la société, on doit penser à changer le système d'éducation. Les administrateurs doivent savoir ce que les étudiants veulent. S'ils ne le savent pas, rien ne changera. La communication doit devenir meilleure entre l'étudiant et l'administrateur si ce monde ne va pas finir avec une révolution sociale.

J. Sadler VII B

Mon Ours, le Radical

Mon ours est le plus jeune membre de notre famille et donc, il est le plus radical aussi.

Mon ours, qui s'appelle Teddy, contrairement aux idées populaires des radicaux, a des cheveux courts. Mais, il faut dire qu'il a beaucoup de cheveux courts.

Beaucoup de personnes disent que quand il mûrira il changera. Je pense qu'ils sont des fous Teddy n'a pas changé depuis quatorze ans.

Je suppose que vous voulez savoir ce qu'il a fait pour mériter le titre de Radical.

Premièrement, il ne va pas à l'école, parce qu'il ne veut pas être insulté, dégradé; aussi il ne veut pas être le produit d'un régime archaïque. Pourtant, il ne veut pas être un membre du département de Sanitation.

Teddy ne porte pas d'habits, il est très amer parce que le système a dit: "Il est défendu de regarder ton corps propre". Le système a dit: "Tu dois aller chez Howarths pour dépenser une centaine de dollars pour des habits." Teddy dit: "J'ai beaucoup de cheveux. Mon corps est beau. Je n'ai pas besoin de recouvrir mon corps.

Finalement, il n'a pas d'argent, il ne veut pas avoir d'argent, les raisons sont évidentes en soi.

Mon ours est un citoyen de l'avenir. Il est vraiment un ours de la révolution. Il est un ennemi de la société.

La force au peuple! La force à la révolution! !

N.B.: Les opinion exprimées ici ne sont pas nécessairement les idées de l'auteur mais celles de son ours.

C. Bovaird VI A

Le Choix

Les dieux ont créé l'humanité,
non pas pour qu'elle pense
mais pour qu'elle leur obéisse.
Et s'ils avaient une occasion
de déployer leur opinion,
Ils sont devenus frustrés, ennuyés,
et faibles.

Il y avait un certain homme, a qui
les dieux ont donné le choix
de faire un vœu.
en seulement dix minutes.

Quelle bénédiction! a-t-il dit
en poussant un cri et endansant une gigue.

Neuf secondes encore!
Il a persisté à se réjouir
Il n'a pas écouté les voix.

Hé! en bas! Il ne reste que sept minutes.
Enfin, il a essayé de choisir la solution.
Il veut gagner tout l'argent du monde.

Mais tout à coup il dit,
en consultant les esprits,
qu'il a changé d'avis.

Je désire devenir célèbre, dit-il,
continuant sa danse tortueuse.

Vous avez deux minutes encore.
Soudain il s'arrête. La paix mondiale.
dominait son esprit. Ou peut-être l'éternel bonheur?

Encore une minute
Qu'est-ce-que ce sera? paix?

Cinquante secondes—réputation?

Trente secondes—la Paix? l'amour?

Dix secondes—devenir riche?

Il ne peut pas se décider.

Les célestes ont tonné
Les dieux sont contents.

B. Baldwin VI A

Adieu!

La gloire des rois et de la Patrie
Il n'y a pas d'abris contre les Parques;
Sont des ombres, quelque chose sans réalité;
La mort place ses mains glacées sur toutes les choses:
Même le roi et la couronne
Doivent tomber par terre
Et dans la poussière finir égaux aux indigents.

Quelques hommes avec des épées peuvent dévaster les
champs,
Et planter de frais lauriers là où ils tuent:
Mais leur force doit céder enfin;
Ils tuent l'un l'autre encore:
Tôt ou tard
Ils se penchent au destin
Et doivent abandonner leur respiration halletante.
(Quand, captifs pâles, ils glissent vers la mort).
Les guirlandes se dessèchent sur votre sourcil;
Alors ne vantez plus vos exploits impuissants,
Sur l'autel de pourpre de la mort maintenant,
Allez voir où le vainqueur victime saigne.
Vous tous devez venir
Au froid tombeau et y rester

S. Maclean VI A

La Rivière

Ceci est l'histoire d'un voyage en pirogue que j'ai fait
l'été dernier avec quelques amis. Nous avons commencé
au Lac Tremblant où un camion nous avait laissé avec
toutes nos provisions et trois pirogues. Nous avons passé
la première journée à avironner sur le Lac Tremblant et
puis sur l'étroite rivière Diable jusqu'au point où celle-ci
se décharge dans la Rouge. Le Diable n'a que quelques
pieds de profondeur et a le fond et les rives très boueux.
Il y a une ferme environ tous les cinq milles sur les
bancs.

Les deuxièmes et troisièmes jours furent plus difficiles
que le premier. La Rouge était plus profonde et plus large
que La Diable, avait un fond de sable Rouge, et on ne
voyait de maison nullepart. La plupart du temps, la rivière
s'écoulait lentement; mais il y avait aussi beaucoup de
rapides dangereuses. Nous nous sommes seulement ar-
rêtés pour faire cuire un repas, pour manger où pour
ériger un camp.

La troisième nuit, nous avons dormi dans une vieille
grange abandonnée, et le prochain jour le camion nous
a ramassés. Le voyage sur la longue et sinueuse rivière
avait été vraiment merveilleux. Ce fut une bonne expé-
rience, et les images du paysage sont encore dans ma
mémoire. Mais peut-être la meilleure de toutes fut la
sensation que j'ai éprouvé d'être dans le désert avec rien
autour de moi sauf la rivière, les collines, les arbres, et la
beauté simple de la nature inexplorée.

J. McCallum VI B

Les Ombres

L'enfant ne dort pas dans son lit. Il est effrayé par le vent hurlant et les ombres dansantes sur ses murs. Les ombres de ses animaux en peluche sont énormes, projetées sur le mur par les lumières du dehors. Ses habits, lancés nonchalamment sur une chaise, jettent aussi des ombres particulières. Il voit des sorcières et des lutins, des géants et des dragons. L'enfant craint ce qu'il voit. Moi je ne craindrais pas.

La jeune femme va à la hâte, seule dans l'obscurité. Les bâtiments autour d'elle paraissent grands et horribles. L'unique lumière provient d'une faible lampe dans la rue. Leur ombre la remplissent de crainte. Sa propre ombre lui fait peur. Elle imagine des choses terribles et commence à courir. Le seul bruit est celui de ses talons sur le trottoir. Elle craint ce qu'elle voit et ce qu'elle ne voit pas. Moi je ne le craindrais pas.

Le soldat reste avec anxiété à la porte. Au travers du rideau de la fenêtre il peut voir les formes d'un homme et d'une femme avec leurs têtes courbées comme s'ils chuchotaient. C'est difficile de déterminer à qui sont les ombres. Il prie que son amoureux n'ait pas trouvé un autre amoureux pendant son absence. Il craint ce qu'il voit. Moi je ne le craindrai pas.

Je ne craindrai pas les ombres sur le mur. Elles seraient mes amies. Je les regarderaient pendant qu'elles danseraient, et je danserait avec elles.

Je ne craindrai pas de marcher dans l'obscurité et de voir les ombres des grands bâtiments. Elles seraient des ombres amicales.

Je ne craindrai pas de voir les ombres de deux personnes au travers d'une fenêtre. Elles seraient mes amies. Elles seraient des ombres heureuses.

Je ne craint pas les ombres. Je prie pour elles à la place. Tous le jour je prie pour voir une ombre, une seule ombre, n'importe qu'elle ombre, pour seulement un moment.

Je suis aveugle.

M. Moffat VI B

Le Meilleur Moyen de voyager

Il y a quelques années, les représentants des lignes de Chemin de Fer de 13 pays Européens (L'Angleterre, la France, l'Espagne, le Portugal, l'Italie, la Belgique, les Pays-Bas, l'Allemagne, la Suisse, l'Autriche, le Danemark, la Norvège et la Suède) se réunirent pour essayer d'établir un système par lequel les étudiants pourraient voyager par chemin de fer en Europe, tout en dépensant le moins d'argent possible. Heureusement, ils trouvèrent un système très efficace et qui fut rémunéré d'un succès immédiat: l'Eurailpass.

L'achat d'un Eurailpass vous permet de voyager en toute liberté sur les chemins de fer des treize pays mentionnés plus haut pendant un temps définit. Le grand avantage est que le prix revient deux à trois fois moins cher que si chaque billet était payé individuellement.

Les prix sont extrêmement bon marché. Tous semaines de première classe revient à \$110, un mois à \$125, deux mois à \$195, et trois mois à \$225.

Dès son apparition, le "Eurailpass" a connu un très grand succès. Chaque été, des milliers de gens profitent de la liberté de choix des chemins de fer Européens. Cet été, le nombre s'accroîtra de quelques centaines de personnes. En serez-vous une?

C. Noble VI B

Poésie

Regardez les petits oiseaux,

Qui volent . . .

Au printemps je les ai vus.

Mais les hommes ne sont pas des oiseaux:

Affaiblis nous devons vivre et mourir sur la terre;

Nous n'avons que nos rêves.

D. Clarke VII B

Entouré des affiches sombres qui annoncent une
autre grève

On peut marcher dans l'ombre d'un rêve

Dans laquelle vous avez cru

Quand la planète était jeune et heureuse

Sans le bruit des hommes qui peuvent noyer

La tranquillité d'un temps silencieux.

T. Howard VII B

Junior Section

D

It takes a couple of weeks in September for the new boys to settle down and to become less bewildered by the sea of faces all around. Then small individuals begin to find friends, and to enjoy the camaraderie of the classroom.

The varied lessons keep the children on their toes, striving hard to master reading, writing and 'rithmetic and enjoying the more relaxed French lessons. With TV, songs and games, it is surprising how quickly they pick up common phrases; chatting with no sense of embarrassment at the new language.

Art, of course, they love, and as they fabricate their "amusing Moderns" they are gaining greater skill in the use of the small muscles of their fingers.

Gym, meanwhile is training control of their larger muscles — and is a most enjoyable and welcome release of pent up energy.

Some of their oral compositions related to Mrs. Maclean, will show how their ability to communicate is progressing.

A Kite

A kite can fly high in the sky to make children happy.
To have kite races and win the races is fun.

Nicholas Pratley
Form D Age 6.

The Blue Ball

I saw a ball in the street. I ran to get the blue ball. As soon as I got it I went up in the air. I was sad. I called, "Bob, Jack, Dad, Mom, look at me. I am up in the air, and I want to come down." But I could not. "Good Bye, Bob, Good-bye Dad." I cried.

Ian Small
Form D Age 6.

The Horse

Once there was a horse. The horse lived in a big, big barn. He had lived there for many days. The horse got quite bored of living in a barn. He wanted to go out into the world so he could find a friend.

Malcolm Wright
Form D Age 7.

Our D Boys have ideas about their futures.

Peter Norris: "I'd like to be a Football Player, because it's my favorite sport."

Paul Madden: "I'd like to be a Dentist and fix peoples' teeth."

Malcolm Wright: "I want to be a Scuba Diver so I can find out about the things under the sea."

Ian Small: "I'd like to build buildings and make gardens."

John Thomas: "I'm going to be a Doctor because I like Doctors."

Archie Rolland: "I'd like to be the Captain of a Ship because I like to go on the ocean."

Michael Baker: "I'd like to be a Farmer and make syrup in the Spring."

Paul Bloomfield: "I want to be a Policeman so I can ride horses."

Jimmie Small: "I want to be an artist that builds boats and ships."

Iain Bryden: "I'd like to be a Painter and paint pictures."

Bryce McGregor: "I want to be a mechanic and make things."

Douglas Kennedy: "I'm going to be a Pilot because I like to fly, and like the food too!"

Peter Stewart: "I want to be a Workman who moves snow; it's fun and I like to see how the machinery works."

Nicholas Pratley: "I'd like to build bridges. You know the saying, 'Like Father like Son', well, that's what my father does."

David Stevenson: "I want to be a Teacher and teach children."

Christian Bloomfield: "I want to be a Worker who builds houses and fixes wires."

Peter Saykaly: "I'd like to be an Archaeologist because I want to find old things."

Juan Quintana: "I want to be a Cowboy, so I can ride horses and go fast."

Blair Cowie: "I want to ride motorcycles and go fast."

Karl Stiefenhofer: "I'd like to be a Father so I can drive a car."

Andrew Mackay: "I'd like to work in a real car factory. I have a toy one at home."

Douglas Clark: "I want to be a Doctor; I have my Uncle's old stethoscope."

C

Independence describes Form C. They are settled. They know their way about.. They know all about the older members of the staff and don't take long to have the new teachers sized up. As high-decibel-noise-makers, they are champions!

As authors, they are rather limited by the difficulty of getting ideas transferred on to paper. Here are some of their thoughts on travel and other things.

How We Travel

There are many ways to travel. One of the ways to travel is on water by boat. A boat is a very useful thing if you want to get to the other side of the lake. Some boats are very big. Some others can hold a hundred people. Some can hold only a few. There are many kinds of boats. There are speed boats, motor boats, row boats, all kind of boats. I like to go in an automatic boat. There is no driver in an automatic boat.

Antony Burpee
Form C Age 8.

My Dream

Once I had a dream about hunting. When I was in the woods I saw a bear. I aimed my gun at him and shot him right in the arm. When it hit him he went to sleep and he had nice dreams too. When he got up he was tamed and he was kind so we were friends. We lived in the wilds for ever and ever again.

Antony Burpee
Form C Age 8.

A Dream

Once I dreamed about a clown. A poor man wanted to be a clown but he could not find a circus. Nobody liked him.

He had very little food to eat and very little to drink. He walked a long, long way to find a circus. Five days and five nights he walked until he came to a town where there was a big crowd. Then he saw a circus parade coming along the street. It stopped beside the crowd. A man called out, "We need a new clown." "I can be a clown," shouted the poor man.

Then, my dream ended.

David Daly
Form C Age 7.

My Pet

My pet is a goldfish and I got him for my birthday. His name is Herbie. He likes it when I give him his food. He eats it very fast. Sometimes he does funny things. He jumps over his castle and sometimes he jumps out of his tank. I like him very much.

Charles Mappin
Form C Age 7.

Travelling by Air

My favourite way of travelling is by plane because I like going into the clouds. It seems as if there is so much fog in the air. When we are in the plane we can see all the fields, meadows, and lakes. I like when the plane goes up and down. It feels funny. Then the plane lands and all of us go down the ramp and into the airport. Then we go home.

Nicholas McConnell
Form C Age 7.

My Dogs

One of my dogs is only a pup. His name is Pam-pam. He sometimes plays with a sock and sometimes with a ball. If you throw his sock he runs! When you run down the street he runs very, very fast.

My other dog is very, very old. He is blind and a little deaf too. I am very sad.

I love my dogs.

Timothy Skelton
Form C Age 7

A Visit to the Doctor

Once I went to the doctor for a check-up. He looked in my ears and at my feet. He took a stick and a flashlight and looked into my mouth. Then he gave me some candy. I ate it when I got home. I like it very much at the doctor's.

David Daly
Form C Age 7.

The Bus

I like the bus because it can take me anywhere. I think a bus is better than a car. A bus isn't expensive. You think the bus is slow, but not as slow as you think. I think the bus is fun when I go on it. I like to travel on a bus.

Paul Mazza
Form C Age 7.

Tornadoes

Tornadoes are very strong. They blow down houses and barns and break windows and blow off the roofs. It always twirls round and round. If you are flying your kite it will tear it right away and the string will break. Tornadoes do lots of damage. We don't have them very much here. They have more tornadoes in far away place.

Nicholas McConnell
Form C Age 7.

How I Like to Travel

I like to travel by plane. Before we go up the plane has to get some gas. Before the plane takes off it goes on a runway. A runway is a road that planes go on. First the plane goes slowly, then it goes fast, then it takes off. When it is up in the air it makes a loud sound. When you look down at the houses they look like ants.

Stephen Nunns
Form C Age 8.

On a Train

I like to travel on a train because a train can go fast and it makes a big noise! R,r,r,r, that is the sound it makes. It can go so fast that I don't get to see anything. I like to wave to people when they get off. I like a train the best and it takes you on long, long, trips! I like it when the driver stops the train. It is better than all the other ways of travelling.

Clive Spiegel
Form C Age 7.

B

With rather more sophistication and a much improved reading ability, the boys of Form B are writing poems and book reviews. Then follows the work of Form A boys, pointing to their wider interests and increased output, as well as to their prowess in the French language.

My Day

At the end of the day
I like to play
Nearby the hay.
When I am tired, puffing red
I go to a queer little bed.
It is red.
I go to school
And sit on a stool;
I go home
And sit on a throne
To eat a roast pig
And salad with a wig.

Giovanni Galeotti
Form B2.

Spring

It is warmer in the Spring sun.
In the trees little buds are going to grow.
We're going to have lots of fun,
To watch for flowers to show.

Paul Korn
Form B2.

Skiing

Skiing is a ball
If you know how to fall!
It's too late to care
After you fly through the air!
To land on your feet
Saves you falling in a heap!

Jaime Ross
Form B1

Voilà

Voilà la maison de Simon
Voilà le bateau de Nadeau
Voilà la pomme de Simone
Voilà le chien de Sébastien
Voilà le chat de Nicolas
Voilà le cheval de Cola.

E. J. Bernard
Form B1.

"The Littlest Angel"

by Charles Tazewell

Main Characters: The Littlest Angel and The Great God.

Once upon a time there was in Paradise a little cherub. He had short brown legs and a freckled nose. And wanted to be an Angel. So he went to the Gate-Keeper who blotted the page. The cherub was doing mischiefs: he sang off key at the practice and he was so small that he knocked on the wings of other Angels when he ran to his place. They all said that he did not look like an Angel. His halo was always tarnished and slipping. He sometimes bit his wing-tips and could not fly properly. Sometimes he fell into space from a cloud!

He was called to the Place of Judgment, but he was afraid and so he walked there very slowly. He took off his halo and tiptoed in.

The Angel whose name was The Singer was an understanding Angel and he laughed and was very nice as he remembered a little boy a long time ago. He asked the Cherub what would make him happy. The Cherub wanted a small box which he left under his bed. The Angel sent a messenger for it. Everybody was surprised how the Little Angel changed for the better.

Then Jesus was born and everyone was happy and Cherub wanted to give him a present. He suddenly thought to give Him his little box. But when he saw the presents of the others he cried because he thought that his was ugly. But his was the best. He was crying in shame but he heard the Voice of God saying that the box was the best.

Suddenly it started to glow and became THE SHINING STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

It's a good book.

Paul Korn
Form B2.

A Wind Storm

A Spring day in May,
The sky turned very grey
and gusty,
When suddenly it happened,
The wind started howling
And the trees started bending
as the wind
passed by them.
It whistled all night in
violent moans,
And blew chimneys right
off the houses,
But when morning came
The storm had gone with a mess
piled up behind it.

Uffe Drejer A2.

A Wind Storm

The sky turned cloudy and grey one Autumn day. The wind flew into a furious rage. It moaned and groaned, howling and screaming, and chased leaves in the gusty sky. The trees were bowing behind it in pain.

People were fighting against it in rain.

It knocked the tiles off rooftops. It whistled past windows and blew hats off heads, but the children were all snug in their tiny little beds.

Philippe McConnell A2.

Les Chiens

J'aime les chiens.
Ils sont très bien
Il y a des chiens bruns
A Paris
Il y a des chiens gris
Ils courent
Tous les jours;
Ils jouent avec moi
Ils marchent sur les toits,
Ils mangent du beefsteck
Les mouches vivent sur leur têtes,
Je leur donne du lait
Si ça leur plaît
Mais j'aime beaucoup les chiens.

Philippe McConnell
Form A2.

Collation

Je veux du lait
S'il vous plaît
J'achète du pain
Dans un magasin qui est loin
Pour manger avec mon lait.

Je bois mon lait
Je mange mon pain
J'aime ça
Juste comme toi
Le pain avec le lait.

Philippe McConnell
Form A2.

The Snowstorm

The snowstorm starts so soon
Before the twilight and first moon
Like gravel from the gusty sky
It falls I do not know why;
The wind tears down the old oak tree
Wickedly
But does not die down
As it throws everything to the ground.

James Nadler
Form A2.

Les Chiens Que Je Connais

De tous les chiens que je connais
Deux me plaisent.
Ils sautent avec joie,
Et ils courent avec moi,
Mais tous les deux boivent mon lait.

Les deux ont des piques
De deux grands moustiques,
Et maintenant ils aboient
Jusqu'à en perdre la voix;
Pour les faire boire du lait avec chic!

Michael Whitehead
Form A2.

A Rain Storm

On Thursday morning the sky turned grey. In the afternoon it started to rain in a deluge. It spattered as it hit our roof. The wind howled and whistled as it blew the rain. After a little while the wind grew violent. The wind furiously blew old people over and mail boxes down. I felt sorry for the old people out in the storm. By this time the storm had calmed down and the wind stopped moaning angrily. After the storm, you could hear the birds and smell the wet, wet spring.

Alan Walford A2

Snow

1. How the snow covers the earth
Turning it into a white ball.
Even on its birth
The snow did fall.
2. When the birds flew in the air.
They thought it was
White pebbles.
Falling everywhere.
3. They thought that our Maker
Had mixed in whipped cream.
To make the world white
As though it would seem
To be a blob of paint.
4. But now we know what snow is
We can walk all around
Not scared of it
As it falls to the ground.
I like snow.

Duncan McDougall A2.

FORMS C AND D



England: Rose

The emblem of England is the rose, adopted at the close of the War of the Roses in 1485. During the wars the House of Lancaster fought the House of York. Lancaster adopted the red rose as its emblem and York adopted the white rose. The war lasted from 1455-1485, a nasty, bickering war between noblemen who should have been friends. It ended with the crowning of Edward IV, and the flight of Margaret and Henry VI to Scotland.

Marc Brett AI.

Scotland: Thistle

The prickly purple thistle is the emblem of Scotland. When Alexander III (1241-85) was King of Scotland, King Hasken of Norway led an invasion to conquer Scotland. According to tradition, in the night attack on a Scottish camp at Largs, a barefoot Norseman trod on a thistle (Ouch!) and cried out in pain! The Scots were alerted and the attack failed. Soon afterwards Hasken withdrew his army. The Scots were so grateful to the humble thistle (really a weed) that they made it their national flower.

Marc Brett AI.

France: Fleur-De-Lis

France has the lovely fleur-de-lis as its national flower. It is really the iris. It came to be popular because the Kings of France used an iris-like design in heraldry. Some people think the name was originally "fleur-de-Louis", a traditional name for French Kings. The flower was officially adopted in 1380 when King Charles V ordered "three fleur-de-lis of gold on a field Azure" as the royal coat of arms. A legend says that the original fleur-de-lis is the yellow water flag iris. It explains that hundreds of years before Charles V, a King of the Franks, won a battle beside a river where the water flag was blooming and, in gratitude, put the flower on his shield. Perhaps this is not true, but it does not matter, for the fleur-de-lis is one of the loveliest of national flowers.

Ireland: Shamrock

The shamrock, not really a flower but leaves, is the emblem of Ireland. The Irish people love it, because Saint Patrick used it to explain the idea of Trinity (God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost). It comes from the Irish word "seamrog" meaning "three-leafed". Long before St. Patrick it was loved by the Irish as a protection against witches. In the bogs and moors where banshees wailed, and fairies stole travellers' souls, a shamrock held in the peasant's hand was protection.

Marc Brett AI.

A Dream

Flight 14 was refueling at level 5X when the Martians attacked out of the sun. They were going on weird little space ponies. The Martians looked more-or-less like men, but where were the eyes, the nose, the mouth, the hair, and what were those little antennas doing there? The head was as round as a beach ball! They were obviously not men but Martians! They went around flaring their ray-guns. Suddenly something hit me and I fell to the ground. My brother was thumping me on the shoulder so hard that I fell on the carpet. It was all a dream, but I am glad it is over.

Marc Brett AI.

Our City This Winter

The snow was drifting, the wind was howling, and cars were abandoned in streets and on highways. The people that were abandoned were luckily saved by people helpfully lending their snowmobiles. There were six people dead because of carbon monoxide because they couldn't open the window of their cars. Later, men were shoveling and many people were snowed in office buildings. Department stores and many trains were running off schedule. Airplanes and buses were not running. The Metro was the only means of transport. It was announced as a record snowfall, and that, in all, twenty seven people were killed by the storm. Some roofs caved in, people ran out of food and there were many accidents. That night the Prime Minister got married. The storm was finally over and many people were glad. But more storms were expected.

Robert Spiegel AI.

The Storm

The wind blew furiously and windows rattled frantically. Dark clouds roamed over the blackened skies. Not one person dared open his door.

People were huddled in their houses like birds in their nests on a cold night. Night fell quickly and people felt warmth in their blankets. All night long the wind howled and scorched the trees and bushes.

Morning dawned quite suddenly and the sky was lined with yellow streaks. The ground was wet and muddy and the sound of water dripping could be heard everywhere. There was still a light breeze from the North, but the actual storm was over. People were thankful.

Nicholas Howson AI.

Monkeys

I feel pretty strongly about monkeys
Three years ago I went to Florida
and went to the monkey jungle.
It was swarming with monkeys.
Monkeys running,
Monkeys playing,
Monkeys sleeping.
They were putting on shows
and all sorts of things.
One was Batman,
and another was Robin.
They were playing tricks, not treats!

Thomas Johnston AI.

A Bargain

Our furnace is unbelievable. It just won't work! Every day I come home and brrrr! it is cold.

One day a furnace-man came. He was shown down to the furnace room by my hopeful father.

After an hour, he came up with the furnace-man. I knew from the look on his face that he was feeling better. I went in with him and heard the bargain of my life. The furnace-man charged my dad a quarter of the price! After that the furnace is fine. Every time I come home now I feel so nice and warm!

Charles Wright AI.

A Young Poet Named Odgen Nash

There was a young poet named
Odgen Nash,
Who went to a movie called
"Mash,"
And it was such a terrible bust,
He left in utter disgust,
And said "What terrible trash."

Nicholas Howson AI.



A Fear

I was afraid of street-cleaners and the sound they made.

At our old house on Chesterfield Avenue every morning the street-cleaner would come past our house making a sort of 'rrrrrrr' noise. If I dared peak out through the curtains, I would see a huge gray truck with a gigantic container on the back. Under it would be many scrub-brushes and water squirting out. I always thought it was a monster.

I am not too sure how I got over the fear, but this is how I think I did. The street-cleaner came once more. While we had breakfast, I asked Mom "What is that huge, gray monster?" Mom explained everything.

Now, when I see a street-cleaner, I remember the time I dreaded them. It seems so silly!

Colin McGregor AI.

Westminster Abbey

I am interested in Westminster Abbey because of all the tombs in it and the story behind them.

The story behind the stone on the coronation chair is that, by tradition, Jacob dreamed his dream on it while sleeping on a rocky hill. The biggest tomb is that of Mary Queen of Scots and Elizabeth I. Charles Dickens' tomb is surrounded by books that he wrote and Isaac Newton's tomb is surrounded by apples!

Westminster Abbey is part of an old monastery. There are also two wax figures of Nelson and of Charles I.

I think Westminster Abbey is one of the most interesting places in the world and I think it will stay that way.

Kenneth Clark AI.

Greenbeard the Pirate

Dazed and stunned, Alec lay on the deck wondering whether he could struggle to his feet. Greenbeard, the modern day pirate, was robbing his yacht. He had been knocked out by one of Greenbeard's crew when they had come onto the yacht from their hovercraft. They were just about ready to go when Alec woke up. He had an idea. When Greenbeard's crew wasn't looking Alec crept up to the hovercraft, then with his penknife Alec cut a hole in the hovercraft, then with his penknife Alec cut a hole in the hovercraft's air-bag. Alec crept away from the hovercraft. Then they left with all the valuables on board. Alec watched with a smile as the hovercraft sunk a foot a minute with the occupants not realizing their fate until the water was up to the window.

Alec called the Coastguard to come and pick the pirates up. Alec was happy. Added to getting his things back he would get a reward for capturing the pirate who had the green beard.

What a day!

Pierre Goad AI.

Ma Famille

Je respecte mon père
J'aime ma mère
J'ai deux frères
Ils sont très chers.

Peter Coenen
Form AI.



Notes from the Middle School

This past year has been both exciting and instructive for the boys of the Middle School. Different groups have had the privilege of visiting points of interest – historical and contemporary.

During the Exhibition of the works of the Canadian Group of Seven at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts, arrangements were made with the Museum Staff so that we were able to send the boys from Form II to view this important and exciting exhibition. Later on in the year this same Form went to visit the Royal Bank in the Place Ville Marie. Our thanks for arranging this trip are due to Mr. R. C. Paterson, Chairman of our Board of Directors.

Under Mr. Rumsby's guidance, a group of boys from Form III visited Old Montreal and we hope learned some French in the process.

As this goes to press the boys in Forms I and II are getting ready to leave for an all day trip to Upper Canada Village. We have been fortunate in obtaining the assistance of five mothers to assist in the supervision of the boys during this trip. This is the first visit any group from Selwyn House has made to Upper Canada Village, but we hope that it will become an annual event.

During the latter part of the year nine boys from Form I have been attending the Fire Prevention Course sponsored by the City of Westmount. This course has always been highly successful in the past and I have every confidence that this year's results will be just as good.

Our congratulations go to Richard Small of Form II. Richard won the Internal Scholarship given to boys presently enrolled at Selwyn House. There were ten boys competing for this award and all are to be commended for their fine achievement. Scholarships were also awarded to Bruce McArthur of St. Jean, P.Q. and Michael Gabriel of the Town of Mount Royal. We congratulate these two boys and look forward to having them with us next September.

J. P. M.

SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS



MR. J. P. MARTIN
MICHAEL GABRIEL
RICHARD SMALL
BRUCE McARTHUR

A Memorial to Jonathan Benbow

The students and staff of Selwyn House School were deeply touched by the recent death of Jon Benbow. Jon was the Head Prefect of Selwyn House School two years ago, and he did an extremely fine job in that capacity. He had the respect and esteem of the entire student body as well as that of the staff, and he had great pride in Selwyn House.

His philosophy of life showed great maturity and insight, and his sparkling example is and will be an inspiration to all Selwyn House students, present and future.

Eric Kaplan

The following is an excerpt from the School Magazine 1968-69. This article, contributed by Jonathan Benbow, is exemplary of his attitudes and his approach to life.

G GO PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE & HASTE, &
REMEMBER WHAT PEACE THERE MAY BE
IN SILENCE. AS FAR AS POSSIBLE WITHOUT

surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly & clearly; and listen to others, even the dull & ignorant; they too have their story. Avoid loud & aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain & bitter; for always there will be greater & lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism. Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity & disenchantment it is perennial as the grass. Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue & loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees & the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors & aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul. With all its sham, drudgery & broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy.

FOUND IN OLD SAINT PAUL'S CHURCH, BALTIMORE; DATED 1692

CONTRIBUTED BY JON BENBOW

JUNIOR HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP, 1969-70

	Lucas	Macaulay	Wanstall	Speirs
Work	76.9	89.1	100.0	55.1
Discipline	48.2	40.6	50.0	40.2
Order	48.9	49.2	50.0	40.3
Soccer	23.2	16.7	44.4	50.0
Hockey	19.2	38.4	50.0	30.8
Track	36.9	32.6	23.7	50.0
Choir	23.6	16.4	25.0	18.3
Total	276.9	283.0	343.1	284.7

1. WANSTALL	91.5%
2. SPEIRS	75.9
3. MACAULAY	75.5
4. LUCAS	73.8

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP, 1969-70

	Lucas	Macaulay	Wanstall	Speirs
Work	203.44	300.00	195.56	164.30
General Competition	156.87	185.38	169.11	181.98
Soccer	47.61	52.37	85.71	100.00
Hockey	36.01	56.70	80.27	100.00
Skiing	40.22	23.18	38.24	42.46
Athletics	93.87	61.22	46.94	100.00
Juniors	39.56	40.43	49.01	40.67
Total	617.58	719.28	665.84	729.41

Max. 1000

1. SPEIRS	810.4
2. MACAULAY	799.2
3. WANSTALL	739.8
4. LUCAS	686.2



LUCAS HOUSE



MACAULAY HOUSE



SPEIRS HOUSE



WANSTALL HOUSE

TODD HOWARD
ISLE OF CAPRI



MEMBERS OF SELWYN HOUSE SCHOOL

1970-1971

Agar, Thomas	Campbell, Blair	Foch, Anthony
Aikens, Jamie	Caplon, Jonathan	Fontein, Stephen
Ainley, William	Carriere, Raymond	Ford, Andrew
Amblard, Joseph	Carter, Michael	Forster, Alon
Ankum, Franklin	Carter, Timothy	Frank, Matthew
Arnold-Forster, Christopher	Carter, Jeffrey	Frank, Gory
Aspinall, David	Cefis, Luca	Friedman, Jay
Asselin, Christopher	Chabassol, Allan	Galeotti, Giovanni
Baillargeon, Paul	Chambers, Michael	Gameroff, David
Baillargeon, Pierre	Chambers, William	Gameroff, Simon
Baker, Francis	Charles, Ian	Gommell, Bruce
Baker, Michael	Cheyney, William	Gammell, Robert
Baldwin, Blair	Chipman, Stephen	Gault, Nicolas
Ballon, David	Clark, Kenneth	Gelber, Charles
Banks, Harry	Clork, Douglas	Glassford, Robert
Barer, David	Clarke, David	Glenn, Peter
Barriere, Rhett	Clarke, Kevin	Good, Pierre
Barriere, Dean	Claxton, David	Gold, Daniel
Barriere, Gorth	Claxton, Edward	Gollob, Jeffrey
Beamish, Alexander	Coenen, Stephan	Goodall, James
Beaubien, Luc	Coenen, Martin	Goodoll, Robert
Benson, Mark	Coenen, Peter	Goodfellow, Ian
Berman, Brett	Common, James	Goodwill, Eric
Bernord, Edmond-Jean	Cordeau, Marc	Gordon, Robert
Besner, Charles	Coristine, Herbert	Gould, William
Besso, Joseph	Cottingham, Andrew	Graham, Ian
Betanzos-Santos, Roberto	Cottingham, David	Gray, Taylor
Bird, Neil	Cowie, Blair	Griffin, Anthony
Bird, Colin	Creighton, Andrew	Groenewege, Donald
Block, John	Culver, Mark	Groome, Reginald
Black, Andrew	Dolglisch, Andrew	Groome, Roderick
Bloxam, Donald	Daly, David	Groome, Richard
Bloxam, Howard	Dandele, Joel	Grossman, Peter
Bockler, Waldemar	Dawson, David	Grosvenor, Philip
Borner, Martin	Deghenghi, Luigi	Hale, Geoffrey
Bourne, Gerald	Demers, David	Hall, Robert
Bovaird, Christopher	Dibben, Woyné	Hall, Geoffrey
Box, Richard	Dobra, Andrew	Hall, Philip
Box, Gregory	Dopking, Brian	Hall, Christopher
Bayd, James	Dorey, James	Hallward, John
Brambilla, Marco	Dorr, David	Halpern, Jack
Bresnick, Scott	Drejer, Bjorn	Hamovitch, Jonathan
Brett, Marc	Drejer, Uffe	Hannon, Gregory
Brickenden, Saxe	Drew, Matthew	Harcourt, John
Brodkin, Richard	Dydzak, Joseph	Hardinge, Andrew
Broomfield, Christion	Dydzak, Daniel	Horris, Andrew
Broomfield, Paul	Ellen, Lorne	Harrison, Blake
Brydon, Iain	Elliott, Jordon	Hawkins, Cecil
Burdick, Thomas	Farlinger, Leonard	Heck, Gregory
Burgess, Peter	Federer, Andrew	Hedrei, George
Burns, Stephen	Finkelstein, Jeffrey	Heft, Robert
Burns, Kenneth	Finkelstein, Todd	Heller, Julian
Burpee, Anthony	Fisher, Robert	Herman, Jonathan
Bryne, Rory	Fitzpatrick, Brian	Heuser, Karl
Campbell, Robert	Fitzpatrick, Timothy	Hodgson, Peter
Campbell, Peter	Flemming, John	Hollinger, Jonathan

Holy, Thomas
 Hooton, Clive
 Hooton, Michael
 Hopkinson, Nicholas
 Howard, Todd
 Howson, Jonathan
 Howson, Nicholas
 Hunt, Anthony
 Iny, Georges
 Iversen, Stuart
 Ivory, Andrew
 James, Roswell
 Jenkins, George
 Johnston, Michael
 Johnston, Thomas
 Jolin, Blake
 Just, Alexander
 Just, Marc
 Kaplan, Eric
 Karass, Larry
 Kennedy, Douglas
 Kenwood, Jeffrey
 Kenwood, Donald
 de Keresztes, Christian
 Khazzam, Phillip
 Kilgour, Malcolm
 Kippen, Alexander
 Kishfy, Brian
 Konigsthal, Thomas
 Koressis, Chris
 Korn, Paul
 Kraemer, Robin
 Kruyt, Peter
 Kутten, Damon
 Kwitko, Geoffrey
 Kyles, George
 Lande, Robert
 Landell, Robert
 Londell, Cameron
 Landsberger, Leslie
 Langshur, Simon
 Lapin, Michael
 Lawrence, Burke
 Lawrence, John
 Lawrence, Denys
 Lawton, Peter
 Loymon, Leslie
 Legere, James
 Leopold, David
 Levy, Bobby
 Levy, Michael
 Lewis, Mark
 Linden, Ronald
 Locke, James
 Ludasi, Andrew
 Ludgate, Stephen

Macdonald, Steven
 Macdonald, Douglas
 Mackenzie, Peter
 Madden, Paul
 Malcolm, Andrew
 Mappin, Jefferson
 Mappin, Charles
 Marchant, Timothy
 Marescotti, Manlio
 Marie, Robert
 Maris, Nicolas
 Maris, George
 Martin, Herbert
 Martin, Ernest
 Mather, Christopher
 Matheson, Neil
 Mothias, John
 Matthew, Richard
 Moyer, Paul
 Mazza, Serge
 Mazza, Paul
 Michel, Mark
 Miller, Bruce
 Miller, Fraser
 Miller, Robert
 Miller, Gerald
 Maffat, Malcolm
 Molson, Christopher
 Monod, Paul
 Mozer, Richard
 Mulholland, David
 Mulholland, Charles
 Mulholland, James
 Mulholland, John
 Murphy, Luke
 MacKay, Andrew
 MacLean, Stephen
 MacWatt, John
 McCallum, James
 McConnell, Philippe
 McConnell, Nicholas
 McDonald, Lorne
 McDougall, Duncan
 McGregor, Colin
 McGregor, Robert
 McGregor, Bryce
 McKeown, Scott
 McKeown, Clark
 McKim, Ross
 McKinnon, John
 Nadler, James
 Nemec, Frank
 Nemec, Karel
 Nemec, Andrew
 Nercessian, David
 Nevard, Andrew

Nicholson, Corey
 Nicol, Jeremy
 Noble, Christopher
 Nonnenman, David
 Noonan, Michael
 Nordin, Brent
 Nordin, Ross
 Norris, Christopher
 Norris, David
 Norris, Peter
 Nunns, Stephen
 O'Brien, Kenneth
 Ogilvy, Mark
 Ogilvy, Jack
 O'Hearn, Peter
 Oliver, Bruce
 Oliver, Ross
 Oliver, Peter
 Onassis, Byron
 Orvig, Christopher
 Orvig, Robert
 Packer, Richard
 Palmer, Forrest
 Patch, Alexander
 Paterson, Alexander
 Paterson, Hartland
 Paul, Timothy
 Pearson, Clifford
 Pearson, Richard
 Pearson, Jonathan
 Peippo, David
 Phillips, Greer
 Phillips, Christopher
 Pollak, David
 Powell, Christopher
 Powell, Nicholas
 Powell, Christopher
 Power, Timothy
 Pratley, Nicholas
 Purvis, Andrew
 Quintana, Javier
 Quintana, Juan
 Ratcliff, Kevin
 Rideout, Nicholas
 Rider, Charles
 Robertson, Scott
 Robson, Peter
 Roden, Peter
 Rogers, Mark
 Rohlicek, Charles
 Rohlicek, Robin
 Rolland, Archibald
 Roloff, Stephen
 Ronsley, John
 Rose, Nicholas
 Rosenthal, Harlan

Ross, Bartholomew
 Ross, Ian
 Ross, Jaime
 Rothgeb, Robert
 Rowe, Anthony
 Roy, Michael
 Rudberg, Stephen
 Saab, Selim
 Sachs, Simon
 Sadler, James
 Sainani, Devkumar
 Sambrook, Bart
 Saykaly, Peter
 Scarlet, Alexander
 Schneiderman, Ian
 Schouela, Allan
 Schouela, Rannie
 Schouela, Danny
 Schwartz, Jeffrey
 Scott, Stephen
 Scott, Peter
 Senior, Hereward
 Shannon, Craig
 Shannon, Donald
 Shannon, Christopher
 Shannon, David
 Shannon, John
 Sharp, Anthony
 Sharp, Andrew
 Sheard, Iskender
 Sheiner, Glenn
 Shore, Ian

Silberman, Frederic
 Simpson, Neil
 Skelton, Timothy
 Skelton, Timothy
 Small, Jimmie
 Small, Richard
 Small, Ian
 Smith, David
 Speirs, Malcolm
 Spiegel, Clive
 Spiegel, Robert
 Stanley, James
 Stapleton, Mark
 Stark, Murray
 Steeves, Murroy
 Steeves, Eric
 Steeves, Christopher
 Stevenson, Matthew
 Stevenson, Eric
 Stevenson, David
 Stewart, Andrew
 Stewart, Peter
 Stewart-Patterson, David
 Stewart-Patterson, Iain
 Stiefenhofer, Kristian
 Stiefenhofer, Karl
 Stolting, Peter
 Stolting, Walter
 Stratford, Huntly
 Swinnen, Jan
 Taylor, Brian
 Terfloth, Marc

Thomas, John
 Tombs, George
 Toulmin, Nicholas
 Tratt, Jonathon
 Turner, William
 Turner, James
 Vander Voort, Dale
 Vander Voort, Roy
 de Verteuil, Michael
 Vocisano, Dominic
 Walford, Robert
 Walford, Alan
 Walford, Mark
 Warner, John
 Waterhouse, Peter
 Webb, Geoffrey
 Webster, Campbell
 Weil, Michael
 Weldon, Andrew
 Weldon, Richard
 Welsford, Hugh
 Welsford, John
 Whitehead, Michael
 Williams, Bruce
 Williams, John
 Wood, Billy
 Wright, Charles
 Wright, Malcolm
 Wussing, Arnd
 Yarur, Robert
 Zarifi, Constantine
 Zarifi, George





SALVETE 1970-1971

Christopher Asselin
 Francis Baker
 Michael Baker
 David Ballan
 Harry Banks
 Garth Barriere
 Dean Barriere
 Rhett Barriere
 Edmon-Jean Bernard
 Scott Bresnick
 Christian Broomfield
 Paul Broomfield
 Iain Brydan
 Peter Burgess
 Kenneth Burns
 Stephen Burns
 Blair Campbell
 Robert Campbell
 Jonathan Caplan
 Jeffrey Carter
 Timothy Carter
 Luca Cefis
 Ian Charles
 Stephen Chipman
 Douglas Clark
 Stephan Coenen
 Martin Caenen
 Peter Coenen
 Blair Cowie
 David Dawsan
 Andrew Dabra
 David Dorr
 Matthew Drew
 Daniel Dydzak
 Joseph Dydzak
 Leonard Farlinger

Timothy Fitzpatrick
 Matthew Frank
 Giovanni Galeatti
 Robert Gammell
 Robert Glassford
 Peter Glenn
 John Harcourt
 Andrew Hardinge
 Andrew Harris
 Gregory Heck
 Janathan Herman
 Karl Heuser
 Douglas Kennedy
 Chris Karessis
 Peter Krut
 George Kyres
 Geoffrey Kwitko
 Denys Lawrence
 David Leapold
 Bobby Levy
 Michael Levy
 Mark Lewis
 Andrew MacKay
 Bryce McGregor
 Douglas Macdonald
 Paul Madden
 Manlio Marescotti
 Ernest Martin
 Paul Mazza
 Serge Mazza
 Richard Mazer
 John Mulholland
 James Mulholland
 Charles Mulholland
 David Mulholland
 Christopher Noble

Michael Noonan
 Ross Nardin
 Brent Nordin
 Peter Narris
 Kenneth O'Brien
 Nicholas Pratley
 Timothy Power
 Juan Quintana
 Javier Quintana
 Nicholas Rideout
 Archibald Ralland
 Anthony Rowe
 Peter Saykaly
 Ian Schneiderman
 Stephen Scott
 John Shannan
 Timothy Skeltan
 Ian Small
 James Small
 David Smith
 Christopher Steeves
 David Stevenson
 Karl Stiefenhofer
 Kristian Stiefenhafer
 Peter Stewart
 John Thomas
 Michael de Verteuil
 Dominic Vacisano
 Peter Waterhouse
 Geoffrey Webb
 Michael Whitehead
 Billy Wood
 Malcolm Wright
 Arnd Wussing
 Robert Yarur

VALETE 1969-1970

William Atkins
 David Ballantyne
 Robert Campbell
 Howard Carter
 Kenneth Casselman
 John Cannally
 Thomas Cooper
 Michael Caaper
 Denton Creighton
 David Creighton
 David Cranin
 Nicholas Damville
 Rass Elliott
 Eric Ellis
 Arthur Emory
 Eric Fach
 Marc Fox
 Niccala Giaia
 Jonathan Goldbloom
 Charles Goodfellow
 John Goodfellow
 Jonathan Goodwill

Paul Gupta
 Graham Hallward
 John Hastings
 Jeremy Henderson
 Wilks Keefer
 Peter Kerrin
 Jeffrey Kerrin
 Michel LeGall
 Blakeney Lewis
 Geoffrey Lewis
 Henry Marse
 Michael Murray
 Michael MacBrien
 Robert McDougall
 Richard McAdam
 David McKeown
 Charles Neilson
 Duncan Newman
 Patrick O'Grady
 John O'Quinn
 Hugh Pilkington
 Jay Rankin

Nicholas Roberts
 Gordon Raper
 James Ross
 Andre Saletes
 Marc Schreiber
 Neil Schreiber
 Bruce Schreiber
 Sydney Schreiber
 Cameran Smith
 John Smola
 Christopher
 Stewart-Patterson
 James Stikeman
 Dacre Staker
 Eric Sutton
 Robert Tetreault
 Michael Tetreault
 Andrew Taller
 Peter Turner
 Graeme Watt

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AFTER RETIREMENT—WHAT NEXT?



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